# THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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## THE IRISH FAIR.

After Thirteen Days of the Most Unexampled Success in this Line of Undertaking the Great Enterprise will Close Saturday Evening, Dec. 18.

Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory Taxed to the Utmost to Accommodate the Vast Crowds—The Closing Night to be Made a Memorable One.

Tonight (Saturday) marks the closing of the most successful enterprise ever instituted for the benefit of the Irish-Americans of Chicago and the middle west. For thirteen days zealous representatives of the thirty-five divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have devoted their time, services and energies to the great cause, which has met with the approbation of the Irishmen, the public at large and every citizen in whom is imbued the spirit of patriotism.

Again, tonight, will witness the closing of the great Irish Fair, which will go down in the annals of history of the Irish societies of Chicago with a flourish. Nothing has been spared to make this event the most memorable occasion in the history of Irish sociology.

In reviewing the work which has made the Irish Fair such an unprecedented success, it might be well at this time to mention a few of the many attractions which have become established features in the minds of the daily visitors, who patronized the entertainment with a regularity bordering on the clockwork.

To begin with, when Frederick L. Maguire, the genial manager of the enterprise, first made the proposition to the members of the Executive Committee of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, it was generally supposed that the Fair would meet with the patronage of but those directly interested in the cause for which the Fair was inaugurated. The first real work of the enterprise was instituted in the first week in October, at a special meeting of the Executive Committee of Cook county of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Mr. Maguire made his proposition, the Executive Committee accepted it, although far less sanguine than Mr. Maguire. He, however, immediately outlined plans, which he considered would lead to the successful culmination of the object in view, and with a persistency which excited the admiration of his constituents he succeeded in arranging such details as has lead to the formation and successful termination of one of the grandest entertainments ever presented the amusement-loving public of the great western metropolis.

Again, it might be we well to consider, in a line of retrospection, the work of the committees in whose hands was placed the arduous task of soliciting such donations as would lend the Fair an air of success, and to whom the credit is due of cultivating the clientage of a large percentage of the individual business men of Chicago in the success of the enterprise.

Beginning with the conclusion of the first executive session, it was decided to organize committees in each division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, all of which are located in different sections of the city, for the purpose of securing such donations as might add to the fund which the Irishmen of Chicago were desirous of securing.

From Lake View to South Chicago, from the Lake Front to Lamont, were representatives of the divisions sent, each armed with proper credentials, and authorized to solicit such donations as might be disposed of during the season the Fair was open. Every one worked with a vim. Donations came pouring in from every section and quarter of Cook county. The result of the first week's solicitations effectively demonstrated to the management or to the executive committee that the Fair was bound to be a success.

Even the members of the executive committee themselves took an interest in the success of the undertaking, and expeditions were organized from the headquarters of the executive committee, in Temple Court building, among the principal business houses in the central section of the city. Everybody donated. Money, groceries and dry goods came pouring in in a steady stream, in such quantities as made it necessary for the management to secure a warehouse for the storage of the donations until such time as the Fair should be opened.

Nothing was overlooked. Wise discrimination was manifested in the selection, and when the Fair finally opened on December 4 the executive committee, the attendance and even the management itself were surprised at the monumental success which the undertaking had attained during the brief season of its conception.

To be sure, the native soil had not arrived, yet that made no difference. The crowds came in thousands. They strolled through the spacious halls of Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory. Exclamations of surprise and approval were heard on all sides, and everybody was satisfied; even the ladies, who had given their time and services for the success of this cause, looked radiant and happy; although the initial crowd would not manifest a tendency to invest in the thousand or more chances, yet a spirit of good-fellowship was manifested among the entire assembly.

The band played Irish airs, the Irishmen smiled, shook hands, and were happy.

The crowds have come, the donations have been disposed of, and the success so much sought after has been assured. The executive committee is happy, the management is satisfied, and last, but not least, the Irish-Americans of Chicago and Cook county can feel happy in the thought that their fondest hopes have been realized in securing for themselves a home where they can assemble and do honor to the greatest of all patriots—Robert Emmet.

Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, delivered the address of welcome, at the formal opening, to the Irish-Americans at the Fair which they had inaugurated. Mr. Harrison delivered one of his bright and witty speeches, and frequently aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm in his references to their spirit of patriotism, which has always been a distintive element in the individual of Irish origin. His happy coup-de-'etat when he said that the Irish-Americans of Chicago were endeavoring to secure a home where they could gather and sing "God Save the Queen," with Irish variations, aroused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and as the speaker closed he was rewarded with a hearty round of applause.

Lawrence Henely, chairman of the executive committee, acted as master of ceremonies on this particular occasion and introduced the speakers to the audience. Following Mr. Harrison came Father Scanlan, of the Cathedral Parish, who voiced the sentiments of his Grace, Archbishop Feehan, welcoming the patriotic sons of Erin and their descendants to the Irish Fair, and advocating a liberal patronage to all booths, no matter which county they represented.

John F. Finerty concluded the speech-making for the evening, delivering in his accustomed extemporaneous style, the words which aroused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and compelled them to realize the necessity for such a ball as the Irish-Americans of Chicago were attempting to erect.

From that time on, the two big buildings on the Lake front have been one continual series of enjoyable features. Everything pertaining to the successful issue of the end in view had been secured and arranged in such a manner, that even the most casual observer could not fail to appreciate their historic value and interest.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians are to be complimented on the many pretty booths under their charge. These booths were all filled with merchandise and staple articles of a valuable nature, and again, each booth was presided over by ladies who put forth their best efforts to dispose of the valuables.

Taking the Fair altogether, it has proven itself the acknowledged success of all individual enterprises ever instituted in the Middle West. The attendance itself, which averaged 8,000 visitors per day, is a fact which will demonstrate to the public at large, that the Irish-Americans of Chicago have laid the corner-stone for the hall, to which all have loaned a helping hand during the past six weeks. The bricks have been bought, the plans will be drawn, and in less than two years time a hall of such magnificence as was never contemplated by the Irish societies of Chicago, will rise in the business section, and rear its head proudly, a fitting tribute to the great Irish emancipator, Robert Emmet.

The following is a copy of an original letter written by Daniel O'Connell, and loaned to the Irish Fair by the Rev. Father E. A. Kelly, pastor of St. Cecelias church, of this city. The letter is on exhibition in the County Kerry booth:

LONDON, June 16, '35—Confidential—Respected and Rev. Sir—Your representative is, I believe, about to be a judge and my friend, Sergt. Woulfe will, I believe, be your next candidate. He is an excellent man, of ancient and always faithful Catholic family, with a group of young Catholics surrounding him. His talents are of the very first-class, and his integrity is pure. In short, I can and do recommend him to you in the strongest terms. You cannot find so good a member. It would not be possible to have a better, and I shall in him have a faithful aide-de-camp in our war against corporate robbery. I have advised him to write you and to solicit your kind patronage. It would be a novelty to have a Catholic returned for Cashel. I have the honor to be, with the most sincere respect,

Your very faithful,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.
Very Rev. McDonnell.

### CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Wednesday, Dec. 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception was the patronal feast day of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and was observed by a pontifical mass in the chapel of the Caldwell hall, Cardinal Gibbons pontificating. Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., vice-rector of the university, was the assistant priest, and Revs. John S. Dunn, of Providence, and Maurice O'Connor, of Boston, were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The deacons of honor to the cardinal were Revs. James J. Fox and J. F. O'Meara. Revs. Paul P. Aylward and Donald J. McKinnon were masters of ceremonies. The students of St. Thomas' College acted as acolytes, and the students of Holy Cross College were attendants on the cardinal. The Right Rev. Rector, Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., and Right Rev. Mgr. McMahon occupied seats in the sanctuary. All the professors of the different faculties of the university were present in their academic robes. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. J. Kerby, Ph. D., associate professor of Sociology. It was devoted to an exposition of the fitness of the choice of Mary in the immaculate conception as patron of the university.

Among the guests of the university were his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli, Mgr. Sbarretti, Rev. Dr. Rooker, the superiors of the religious houses affiliated with the university, the deans of the faculties of the university, and General Stanley, of the Soldiers' Home. In the evening, at 6 o'clock, benediction of the blessed sacrament was given by Very Rev. Dr. Garrigan.

The University Club gave a literary and social entertainment at 8 o'clock the same evening. The large assembly room in the McMahon hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The programme consisted of an introductory address by the president of the club, Rev. James J. Fox; an essay on the Natural Sciences, by Mr. John J. Murray, of Chicago; a vocal solo, Vision Fair, by Mr. J. Philip Gerry, of Washington; an essay on the Study of Law, by Mr. James J. Igoe, of New York; a violin solo, Largo, by Mr. William K. Naulty, of Baltimore, with piano accompaniment by Rev. William Higgins; an essay on The Democratic Movement in Modern Literature, by Mr. Joseph J. Murphy; an essay, Modern Materialism, by Rev. Francis P. Duffy, of New York; a vocal solo, At the Smithy, by Mr. J. Philip Gerry; an essay, Progress in Theology, by Rev. J. F. O'Meara, of Providence, R. I., and an address by the Right Rev. Rector of the university brought the entertainment to a close.

Among the visitors at the university were Right Rev. Innocent Wolf, O.S.B., of Atcheson, Kan., and Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, member of Parliament for Dublin county, Ireland, and a member of the Privy Council.

### THE GRAVE OF ORR.

The grave of William Orr lies in the little graveyard beside the village of Templepatrick, which is on the direct road between Belfast and Antrim town. The gateway of the graveyard is within the grounds of Castle Upton, the seat of Lord Templeton, the president of the Unionist convention clubs. The graveyard is an exceedingly picturesque one, and the grave of Orr is in summer a beautiful sight. At its head stands a rough grey stone with no inscription save the name of Orr's mother. A red rose tree climbs through the branches of a gloomy yew, and hangs in blossomy festoons over the grave of the patriot, scattering down upon it the fragrant rose leaves. At Carrickfergus the courthouse where Orr was tried is still to be seen, as well as the jury room where—

"The jury drunk agreed
That Irish was his creed,"

The condemned cell was destroyed, with the greater part of the old prison, during the present year; but we understand that the well-known photographer Mr. R. Welch, at the instigation of a prominent Belfast antiquarian, secured views of all the interesting parts of the old prison. Among the last persons who visited the scene of Orr's incarceration was Miss Maud Gonne, who made a full investigation of every part of the prison before it was destroyed to make room for a militia barracks. Wolfe Tone is said to have composed, as an epitaph for Orr, the following, which was circulated on memorial cards among the United men in the months following his martyrdom:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM ORR,
Who was sacrificed at Carrickfergus,
on Saturday, the 14th of October,
1797; an awful immolation
to Liberty, on the Altar
of —— Tyranny.
By the hands of Perjury, through the
influence of corruption, and the
connivance of partial
justice.
IRISHMEN! WHEN YOU FORGET HIM,
His cause, his death,
Nor these avenge, may you be debarred
that liberty be sought, and forgotten in the History of Nations.
NO, IRISHMEN! Let us bear him in
steadfast memory.
Let his fate nerve the martial arm
To wreak the wrongs of injured Erin,
And assert her undoubted claim.
LET ORR BE THE WATCHWORD OF
LIBERTY!


$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.


## THE OLD LAND.

Mrs. Vera Johnston, the Famous Russian Authoress, Writes Most Entertaingly of the Beauties and Sadness of Irish Scenery.

Slieve Donard, of the Mountains of Mourne and the Ruined Tower of Dundrum Come in for Special Mention by the Gifted Writer.

(Copyright, 1897, by M. J. Murphy.)

Mrs. Vera Johnston is a Russian by birth, but Irish by adoption and grace. Born in Tiflis, she spent her childhood among the peaks of the Caucasus mountains, where are gathered together remnants of almost every race under heaven, descendants of the Chaldeans, Medea's kindred, still cherishing memories of the golden fleece, and mountaineers who still behold Prometheus bound, upon the misty summit of the mountains.

Almost as a school girl, Vera Johnston began to make a name as a writer of stories, in the Russian magazines, but of late she has written almost wholly of Ireland, whether of the modern life of the people, the folk-lore of the dim, remote valleys, of the splendid, heroic legends of old. She has also written a story, in which Irish and Russian threads are woven together, a translation of which will soon be published.

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It came to an end at last—the horrible night we spent crossing from Liverpool to Belfast. The steamer was one of those dirty, ill-smelling little boats, the secret of which is peculiar to the locality. But—thank goodness—Belfast Lough now lay before us, stretching toward us its muddy, but reassuring embrace.

The morning is raw and misty; the everlasting smoke-cloud has hardly begun to color with the first rays of dawn. But oh! how glad we are that the rocking of the ship has stopped. We try to dress, and go on deck, shaking off the dust of our feet on the breathless cabin, the heartlessness of Saxon shipbuilders, and the seafaring genius of the Saxon race in general.

The air is alive with the disconsolate tolling of the bell-buoys over the shallows, and overhead white seagulls dart, mad with the joy of dawning day, and the possibility of an abundant meal. On the water below us is another party of early birds—two boats-crews of schoolboys, racing, and too preoccupied to notice or answer our greeting.

The shores also begin to show signs of life; a great clamoring and hammering round enormous ocean ships, some of them being built, some only under repair—the former standing out against the pale morning sky like the bare skeleton of some fabulous monster.

Belfast seldom treats its visitors to anything except an air of general stand-offishness; a pea-soup sky, pea-soup mud in the streets, pea-soup water in the docks. With the best will in the world, one cannot help thinking that there is a trifle too much pea-soup about it all. Even the martial figure of Prince Albert, looming on its pedestal a few steps from the docks fails to break the general cheerlessness, wrapt, as it is, in the morning mist, which would pass for quite a respectable little shower anywhere outside Belfast.

"How long will it take us to drive to the County Down station?"

"That depends on the horse, sir," the grey-looking driver pensively answers; "we may be there in a week, or we may be there in a fortnight"—which shows us that he suspects us of belonging to the cockney-tourist species, who ask endless questions, but are utterly unable to take aright whatever you may tell them. Consequently, they are to be fooled by every true Hibernian with the gusto, the knack and skill which belong to the soil, and the soil alone. Whether the perpetrator of the deed be an authentic Gael or a hybrid, known as a Belfast Scotchman, seems to be a secondary matter. Besides, the workings of the local imagination seem to be altogether too involved and complicated to allow of any such thing as a direct answer to a direct question.

The little train, which we reach after crossing the bridge, starts rather unwillingly; as it were, only to oblige us who have been sitting wondering for the last half hour whether we are to start at all. Anyhow, start it does; and, after a while, the sooty rows of factories—linen, paper, underwear, but chiefly whisky—are left behind. The imposing outline of the Cave-Hill rises to the left. The town squats at its feet, spitting out the chemicals its machines have no use for; steaming, puffing, whistling and screeching, but paying no heed to the grim and arid loveliness of the mother-mountain which shelters it.

A few more jerks from the unwilling engine and we behold the veteran battleship "Gibraltar," which once fought at Trafalgar, but now modestly serves as a home for little boys who are to grow into big marines.

The train hobbles along past pretty villas, and neat little gardens, in the suburban style; beside the track small stations emerge out of nothingness to charm our weary eyes, with their Virginia creepers and honeysuckles and, when the train stops, whiffs of fresh sweet-peas come to cheer us—a welcome change, after the smoke and mustiness of a railway carriage.

As to the scenery—it is not exactly cheerful, but so good-natured, so drowsy.

The ever-wakeful and ever-toiling England of only twenty-four hours ago, the sleepless night on board the horrid little steamer and Anglo-Caledonian Belfast itself, all fade into the background, merging in the region of half-forgotten, half-remembered dreams.

One, two, three!—and we plunge headforemost, our hearts throbbing with unreasoned delight, at the re-birth of their dimly recognized, but imperiously felt Keltic affinities—into the heart of the true Keltic country. The tumble-down castles, the dunes of ancient warrior and king, the lanes with their double border of hawthorns, studded here and there with the big flat white blossom of the elder, and the druidical circles around which bracken, foxglove and bramble form such impassible tangles, and the fairy forts and the standing stones—all these were there in the times when Queen Meave fought Connor MacNessa for supremacy, before the warriors of the Red Branch, the unhappy children of Ulla, were swept off the face of the earth. For this is the land where died Cuchulin the hero, gentle and fierce—a pillar of granite propping his mighty, fast-sinking frame, and a grey-necked crow sitting on the pillar. This, too, is the land where Patrick was slave and master, shepherd and priest.

County Down—County Up-and-Down as a school-girl once put it—hillier than that county, there is no equal a stretch of land on the face of God's earth.

If it was difficult to make Jerry, the donkey, drag your picnic provisions up the steep little bit of a hill, it will be impossible to keep him from a lively trot down the other slope, though you pull ever so hard on the reins and speak to him even in a most fatherly way, trembling the while lest your milk be turned into butter and your strawberries and biscuits into a useless, ugly-looking pulp. If one end of the field, on the other side of the water-cress-bordered ditch, is on the same level with the road, its other end, you may depend upon it, is somewhere down under a full-breasted cloud majestically sailing the blue sky; and how sharply does the milky whiteness of the cloud mark the outline of a horse standing on the crest of the hill, its gentle eyes watching your movements curiously, its tail and mane blown about by the wind. Up there there is always a brisk little breeze—love-messages the Atlantic and the Irish sea are sending to each other across the island.

Hills, mounds and hillocks all round you, as far as the eye can reach. But Slieve Donard, of the mountains of Mourne, is undoubted king of them all. Look! at this distance you can only guess at the cairn of stones that marks its summit, and some of its younger brothers, dwindling nearer and nearer to the plain, are shadowy outlines, a stranger might take for clouds.

And oh! the beauty of mist and cloud, the enormous sweep of ever-changing skies over our heads—east or west, north or south, we never saw its equal.

Of an evening we stroll to a gate by the roadway and leaning on its iron bars gaze toward the west. Nearest to us is a field of waving wheat, which gradually changes into a bog, where there is nothing but water and reeds, snipe and plovers. At twilight the bog sends forth flimsy wreaths of clinging mist that linger and gather up around every whin and bramble bush until, having thickened into a white shroud, they hide from our eyes fields, bogs, and cottages, blurring everything, even to the high tower of Dundrum Castle. But our eyes are drawn higher than castles and mounds, higher than the somber blue-green of the Mourne mountains; above their dark summits spreads a radiant glory: red, pale green, dark purple and gold, a wondrous tangle of clouds and clear sky and vapor. The sun has sunk long ago but the thoughts of him still lingers in the air, far above the human earth and blazing cloudlets swim on the scarlet horizon, like lumps of bright gold on a surface of red copper. Lift your eyes still higher and past the long stripes of purple and indigo, the ardent tones of red, orange and yellow will fade into neutral tints of greenish grey, until your eyes, wandering across the sky, meet the blue, already dark enough to show, here and there, a dancing twinkling early star.

And the sea of Northern Ireland—the shrill cries of seagull and peewit over its vastness! The incessant toil of ages has rinsed and washed, and cleaned the shore, until the sand has become as fine as powder, and as hard under foot as asphalt, when the tide goes out, leaving behind it the shapeless masses of jelly-fish and red, flower-like sea-anemones, turned into small, reddish pimples, on the rocks. But when the sea comes back [illegible] its waves will chase each o[illegible]pled and clear, over a botto[illegible]nich everything impure has long [illegible] washed away. The enormous str[illegible]ch of salt water is felt long before you actually see it: the scanty vegetation of [illegible] sea-pinks and tiny pans[illegible]is pu[illegible]ack as far inland as p[illegible]ble. T[illegible]s look ragged, and appealin[illegible]turn their branches away from the sea. Everything that is not water or sand looks scared, or ashamed of its very existence.

At a sharp turning of the road, when, somehow, you did not expect it, the land stands aside, and the sea stretches before you like a boundless sheet of steel-gray. On the right, the ruined tower of Dundrum and the Mourne mountains, looking still more arid, now that the sea is between you and them, yet less formidable, smaller and lighter in color. To the left, a bit of Miner's town, road, winding along the coast like a satin ribbon, and still further, running far out into the sea, St. John's point lighthouse, standing trim and white against the general greyness of the picture.

You can also see the Isle of Man, and Scotland, and the Welsh coast, if the day is clear enough. So you are told; but you rather resent the information. Before the immensity of the shining, yet colorless waste, in which water and sky are one, nothing else matters much; everything else looks ridiculous shrunken and insignificant.

But as to being sad—yes, nature in the North of Ireland is sad. It is said with the sadness of the Kelt, which leaves no heaviness on your heart, but seems rather to lighten it; taking something away from you, producing a longing, a void, which must be filled or deadened, if you are to have a place among those who live and work.

That aching void an Irishman will take with him wherever he goes, and whether he be the Viceroy of the Indian empire or a "brainy and newsy" American journalist, the ache will never leave him. For this ache is the greeting of true death and true life, for in it truly lies the promise of future perfection, the germ of the past of the Keltic genius, has yet to take in the progress of the human race.

There is no going forward without bitter dissatisfaction and consuming restlessness.

The great Keltic Sadness possesses a peculiar charm: it is the charm of the hushed, silent twilight, ; and, in Ireland neither the bright, sunny morning, when the hills are purple with heather, and the ditches are yellow with flag-lillies, nor the chilly evenings when, after nightfall, the bleating of a stray sheep, or the barking of a distant dog, reach you clear and distinct—are ever entirely free from it.

One evening, contrary to our expectations, we strayed into a strange place, and were startled by its looks. It was a turf-pit. Everything around us was black. People digging for fuel, had torn every bit of grass off the soil, and it was black; black were the pile of turf all round, and black were the holes in the ground, where bog-water had already accumulated, clear and transparent, allowing us to see by the light of the new moon every little weed underneath it. We could hear nothing but the rustling of the elms on the road and the wind brought us the smell of meadow-sweet. We stood entranced with the gloomy charm of the place. It almost seemed to us that the falling night was gazing at us with sad, wistful eyes, urging us to do something we knew we ought, but thought we could not do.

And, for whoever can feel, this sad wistfulness gentle, and yet commanding, is the key-note of Irish poetry, Irish scenery, Irish character—the very life and breath of Ireland.

And if a man's heart has throbbed for once in cadence with the Keltic world, the world where pagan hero and Christian saint alike bring their radiance, where reality is only half real, where humanity is a little more than this, our life, has made it—that man will never forget.

VERA JOHNSTON.

### A PROPOSAL.

BY P. T. M'G.

O bless my life,
And be my wife,
And love me, love, forever!
And bind the tie
That, till we die,
No power on earth can sever.

Should'st thou consent,
Thou'lt ne'er repent
The step thus proudly taken;
So with a kiss
I'll seal our bliss:
Our faith shall be unshaken.

I'll cling to thee,
And thou to me,
With love so fondly tender,
That wealth might sigh
It could not buy
Such bliss, with all its splendor.

And so our sun
Shall cloudless run,
And calmly sink at even
Our day to close,
In sweet repose,
And wake our souls in Heaven.


An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

# MRS. M'KINLEY IS DEAD

## Like a Child Sinking to Rest She Goes Beyond the Veil.

### DEATH COMES WITH THE NEW DAY.

**And She Goes "Out with the Tide" on the Sea of Eternity—Funeral Arrangements—Her Life Sketched.**

Canton, O., Dec. 13.—Mrs. McKinley, the president's mother, passed from life at a few minutes past 2 o'clock yesterday morning with all of her children and other immediate friends at her bedside. She did not suffer, but gradually passed from the deep sleep in which she had rested almost constantly for the last ten days into the sleep of death.

MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY, SR.

At 2:35 an undertaker was summoned and the first publicity given to the death. The end was very quiet and peaceful. It was difficult to tell when she had breathed her last. There was no struggle. She seemed to sleep her life away. The president and all of her family were by her side. There were no recognitions, however. Her last consciousness was hours before her final taking away.

**Will Be Buried in West Lawn.**

Funeral services will be held in the First M. E. church of this city at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Interment will follow in West Lawn cemetery, just west of the city, and tomorrow evening President McKinley and wife and officials from Washington who attend the funeral will leave for the capital. Pallbearers have been selected from among the older members of the church and those who for years have been close neighbors of the deceased. They are Judge William R. Day, Hon. William A. Lynch, ex-Mayor R. A. Cassidy, I. L. Miller, W. W. Clark, Judge T. J. McCarty, David Zollars, ex-Mayor John F. Blake. The First Methodist church church is the one in which Mrs. McKinley worshiped during her residence here, and the president has always been associated with the church.

**Tolled Off the Number of Her Years.**

At daylight yesterday morning, at the suggestion of some of the older members of the congregation that an old-time custom now almost obsolete be observed to publicly announce the death, the bell in the tower of the church slowly tolled off the years of her age. It is a coincidence that Mrs. McKinley died at almost the identical hour of the day as did her husband on Thanksgiving, five years ago. Messages of condolence have been pouring into the telegraph office from all quarters and many friends have already called at the house to offer sympathy.

**SHE HAD KNOWN MUCH SORROW.**

**Of Nine Children the Grim Reaper Had Claimed Five.**

Nancy McKinley came of a family which was transplanted from England to the hills of Virginia. Her maiden name was Allison. The Allison family subsequently removed to Green county, Pa., where Abner Allison, Nancy's father, was born, and where he married Ann Campbell, of Scotch-German descent. Early in the present century Mr. and Mrs. Allison came from Pennsylvania to Columbiana county, this state, traveling by pack horses. In 1809, near the present city of Lisbon, Nancy Allison was born. Her girlhood was passed on the farm and in 1827 she was married to William McKinley, a young iron manufacturer. The couple lived first at Fairfield and afterward at Niles and Poland, before removing to Canton.

Nine children were born to them. They were David Allison, deceased; Anna, deceased; James, deceased; Mary, deceased; Helen Minerva, now living at Canton; Sarah Elizabeth, now the wife of Mr. A. J. Duncan, of Cleveland; William, the president; Abigail Celia, deceased, and Abner, whose home is in New York. William McKinley, Sr., died in November, 1892, at the age of 85 years.

Mrs. McKinley was distinctively a home-loving woman, and the two-story frame cottage in this city where she died and where she had lived for many years was dearer to her than than any other spot on earth. There she spent her declining days with her daughter Helen and her grandchildren, Grace and James McKinley, receiving occasional visits from her other children, seldom going out except to church, where she could be found every Sunday morning unless prevented by illness. While showing deep affection for her other children she had naturally followed the career of William with pride and solicitude.

During the memorable campaign of last year for the nomination and afterwards for the election Mrs. McKinley was one of the most interested observers. She was always given the place of honor at the home of her illustrious son, and on the day of his nomination by the St. Louis convention she heard the news as soon as he did. It was then that William McKinley showed the love he bore his mother by kissing her as soon as he had received the announcement of the result at St. Louis. All through the trying campaign that followed she watched after her son with deep interest.

**Supersedeas, but No Bail.**

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 11. The penitentiary will not close around ex-Banker Charles W. Spalding for some time at least, although he will remain in the Cook county jail awhile longer. The supreme court yesterday granted the motion of his attorneys for a supersedeas, but denied their application to release Spalding on bail. In consequence he will continue an inmate of the county jail until the supreme court finally decides his case.

### BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH.

**Manufacturers Working on Orders Booked Earlier in the Year.**

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 13.—Despite the near approach of the holiday season, which is usually the dullest time of the year in industrial circles, trade shows but little decrease in volume and The Tradesman's southern correspondents report continued activity at the mills and factories. Manufacturers are still busy with orders booked earlier in the year and are rushing matters to catch up with orders that they may be ready to take care of the heavy trade expected early in 1898. The iron and steel market is firm and structural material and railway supplies are in active demand. The export trade is good with prospects of greater improvement. Southern iron is moving steadily and several idle furnaces in the south will be put in blast at an early date. Southern lumber conditions are more favorable than for several years and the coal mines are being worked at full capacity to keep up with the increasing demand.

Among the new industries for the week The Tradesman reports the following: The Atlantic Chemical company, capital $100,000, Norfolk, Va.; the Long Island Improvement and Construction company, capital $50,000, Charleston, S. C.; the Southern Bridge and Construction company, capital $25,000, Houston, Tex.; electrical plants at Fernandina, Fla., and Banville, Ky.; flouring mills at Cedartown, Ga., and Gate City, Va.; ice factories at Spartanburg, S. C., and Dennis, Tex.; machine shops at Corsicana, Tex., and the International Machinery company, capital $100,000, at Wheeling, W. Va.; the Golden Star Mining and Milling company has been chartered at Huntington, W. Va., and the Eastern Arkansas Land company, capital $50,000, at Little Rock, Ark. A $100,000 oil mill will be erected at Meridan, Miss.; a rope and twine mill at Anderson, S. C.; a barrel factory at Texarkana, Tex., and the W. F. Zimmerman Lumber company, capital $50,000, has been organized at Handsboro, Miss. Other woodworking plants will be erected at Adairsville, Ga.; Uniontown, Ky., and Florence, S. C.

### CUTS OFF THEIR SALARIES.

**Blunder of Kansas Legislature Affects Probate Judges.**

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 13.—A condition confronts fifty of the 105 probate judges of Kansas which is anything but pleasant and consoling. It has just been discovered that a big blunder was made by the legislature last winter which, after Jan. 1, will cut off the salaries of these officials. In its efforts to retrench and reform the Populist legislature passed a general fee and salary bill which will leave the probate judges in the western half of the state practically without compensation.

Heretofore these officers received a salary of $500 a year and all fees of the office. The new law gives them half of the fees, and in repealing the old law failed to provide for a salary. The new law compels the probate judge to keep his office open six days in the week. In fifty of the counties of Kansas the annual fees will not average $100 a year.

**Pardoned by Governor Pingree.**

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 13.—Edward Rogers, who was sent to the state prison from Saginaw in August, 1891, for life, has been pardoned by Governor Pingree. Rogers' sister will take him to her home in California. He had a family in New York city, but left home during a drinking spree. At Saginaw he became infatuated with a woman whom he killed because she refused to marry him.

**Died of His Injuries.**

Denver, Dec. 13.—Michael Spangler, who has been lingering between life and death with a broken back since last Tuesday, the result of an accident to the machinery while he was being hoisted in the shaft of the Crown Point, Virginia mine, near Idaho Springs, is dead, after five days' intense suffering. He was conscious up to three hours of his death.

**Will Contest Dismissed.**

Batavia, N. Y., Dec. 13.—Judge North, as surrogate of Genessee county, has handed down a decision dismissing the contest over the will of William Lampson, the Leroy banker, who died on Feb. 14, leaving an estate of over $500,000, all but about $35,000 of which he bequeathed to Yale university. Mrs. Laura Ann Brooks of St. Paul, Minn., contested the will.

**Death of a Philanthropist.**

New York, Dec. 13.—Charles Butler, philanthropist and lawyer, died at his home in this city. Mr. Butler was born at Kinderhook Landing, N. Y., in February, 1802. His mother was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell.

**Mayor of Greater New York.**

New York, Dec. 13.—Robert A. Van Wyck has taken the oath of office as mayor of greater New York before Justice Fitzsimmons in the city court to assume the duties of the office on Jan. 1, 1898.

**Our Production of Wheat.**

Washington, Dec. 13.—The agricultural department has issued a crop report estimating the wheat production at 530,000,000.

John Winslow of Kansas City, who sued the Knights of Maccabees for $25,000 for dislocating one of his kidneys while initiating him, was awarded $10,000 by a jury in Judge Bates' division of the circuit court.

# NOT EASY TO COMBINE

## Elements in the House Which Are Opposed to the Civil Service Law.

### ONE WOULD MODIFY THE STATUTE.

**The Other Smash It to Flinders—Movers in the Matter Trying to Agree on a Line of Attack—What the Modifyers Want—Progress of Reciprocity—Neither House of Congress Does Much Work—Jordan Opposes Extermination of the Seals.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—The outlook for changing the civil service law is being actively canvassed among Republican members of the house as a result of the conference held Saturday night. The members of the special committee having the matter in charge are trying to so shape a bill that it will command the support of a number of divergent elements. One of these is the Democratic minority which, combined with the Republicans opposed to the present law, would be strong enough to carry a bill. But in canvassing the situation it has been found that Democratic members would favor a complete repeal of the law, but would oppose anything short of a repeal. As the Republican movement is not toward complete repeal, but rather for modification of the law there appears to be no basis by which the anti-civil service reformers of both parties can unite. It is claimed, however, that a modification bill will receive the votes of two-thirds of the Republican members, and will have a good chance of passing the senate and receiving the president's signature.

**Modifications That Are Wanted.**

Pearson of North Carolina, who inaugurated the movement and is a member of the special committee, says the essential modifications of the law likely to be considered by the committee are as follows: Excluding from the operations of the law cases in which one government officer is responsible for the acts of his subordinate, as deputy collectors of revenue; examination of those already covered into the classified service without examination, so as to put them on a footing with new applicants; change of examinations so as to make them more practical and less theoretical; distinct provision against life tenure and for a stated term of service; affirmation of the right of heads of departments to remove, reduce or promote in the interest of the public; a limitation of the law to specific departments, bureaus, etc., and an exclusion of those not enumerated.

**Another Point That Is to Figure.**

Another point that will materially figure in the discussion of the subject is the alleged rapid and unauthorized enlargment of the functions of the civil service commission. The opponents of the commission assert that the original law was never intended to apply to tenure of office and removals and that the commission growing from a corps of three commissioners and several clerks to a large institution has arrogated to itself not only the rank of a department, but the power of dictating to heads of departments what action they will take and further to employ attorneys to make pleadings as in the Virginia collector of internal revenue case. An attempt will be made to define the exact functions of the commission.

### CONGRESS DOES BUT LITTLE WORK.

**House Does No Public Business at All, but Decides a Dispute.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—Lodge made an effort in the senate yesterday to secure an immediate vote upon his immigration bill, which is substantially the same measure that was passed by the Fifty-fourth congress and vetoed by President Cleveland. After a brief debate it was suggested that the final vote on the amendments and the bill be taken Jan. 17, at 3 p. m. This suggestion was accepted by Lodge and the order for a vote at that time was made. The bill giving the right to make second homestead entries was passed. Butler spoke for a savings bank system.

Wilson of Washington presented a resolution directing the civil service commission to transmit to the senate a statement by fiscal years since 1890, showing the total number of persons examined, the total number passed, the total number appointed, in the several branches of the government service, and the total number of persons on the eligible lists of the several branches of the civil service at the beginning of each of those fiscal years. The resolution was agreed to.

Excepting the reporting of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill the house did no public business. In both houses the chaplains referred in their invocations to the death of Mrs. McKinley.

There was, however, some entertainment for the galleries in a personal dispute between Hepburn of Iowa and Norton of Ohio over a correction of the congressional record which involved a renewal of a controversy that occurred between the two gentlemen during the debate on the pension appropriation bill last week over the word "most" or "many" in reference to soldiers on the pension roll. It was claimed that "most" was used, but the speech when printed was changed to "many." Norton insisted that the use of the word "many" placed him in a false light.

After a debate which consumed more than two hours the house on a rising vote—136 to 121—sustained Hepburn's motion to make the permanent record show that Norton's speech contained the word "most," in accordance with the stenographers' report. It was a party vote with the exception of Fleming (Dem.) of Georgia, who voted with the Republicans. The Populists voted with the Democrats.

### INHERITANCE TAX LITIGATION.

**Gen. Harrison to Fight the Illinois Law in the Supreme Court.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—Attorney General Akin, of Illinois, will have ex-President Harrison as an opponent in the inheritance tax cases which come before the United States supreme court next month. Akin is in Washington examining the records filed with the court. He [illegible] the briefs filed by the lawyers employed to attack the constitutionality of the inheritance tax law. There are now three cases pending in the United States supreme court. All resulted from the efforts of the Cook county officials to collect the inheritance tax from Chicago estates.

These cases involve the estates of the late Mr. Sawyer, John B. Drake and General Joseph Torrence. The case will be hard fought. The emergency appropriation, which was included in Governor Tanner's call for a special session of the Illinois legislature, is for the expense of covering the costs to the state of trying these suits. Akin professes confidence that the supreme court will sustain the constitutionality of the law.

**Jordan Opposed to Seal Extermination.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—Professor David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford university, the government's leading expert in the seal negotiations, in a report takes a strong position against the extermination of the seals by the United States, if Great Britain won't consent to further restrictions. He says extermination would be impossible and would be a confession of impotence unworthy of a cilivizedeyqi"N8yotogy unworthw of a civilized nation.

**Wants a Check on Criminal Cases.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senator Perkins, of California, has introduced a bill to amend the paragraph of the revised statutes relating to the appeal on habeas corpus of criminal cases to the supreme court of the United States. The object is to do away with numerous appeals by attorneys of prisoners made with the sole view of gaining time.

**Bonds for Letter Carriers.**

Washington, Dec. 14. — Postmaster General Gray has amended the regulations so as to require that after April 1 next the bond supplied by letter carriers for the faithful performance of duties shall be supplied by surety companies. Private bonds are often found to be worthless.

**Dividends in National Bank Cases.**

Washington, Dec. 14. — The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent banks as follows: Keystone National bank, West Superior, Wis., 7 per cent.; First National bank, Niagara Falls, N. Y., 10 per cent.

**Nice Cool Snap for Somebody.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—One of the interesting items in the agricultural appropriation bill is a provision for $10,000 for an agricultural experiment station in Alaska.

**Legislative Bill Carries $21,562,425.**

Washington, Dec. 14.—The legislative, executive and judicial bill as reported to the house carries a total of $21,562,425, being $780,861 less than the estimates.

### ECKELS ON CURRENCY REFORM.

**Thinks the President's Recommendation Very Good So Far as They Go.**

St. Louis, Dec. 14.—Comptroller of the Currency Eckels, when asked if he agreed with the recommendations as to currency made by President McKinley in his recent message to congress, said: "I think they are very good so far as they go. He does not go far enough, in my opinion, when he says certain things ought to be done, if possible. Things that ought to be done should be done, and especially when they so vitally touch the country's business life. The president admits that the $346,000,000 greenbacks and $12,000,000 Sherman legal tenders should be taken up and would, I dare say, like to see it done; but it is a conditional problem with him. Those notes are simply a debt and the only way to get rid of a debt is to pay it."

"How would you pay such a vast sum at one time?"

"I would issue long term 2½ per cent. gold bonds and call those tenders in. Then these issues could be made gold certificates."

"Will congress take any decisive action on the currency question?"

"Sentiment in favor of its doing so is growing at Washington, and I think the result will be some kind of action along the line of the president's suggestions."

"Will the Dingley bill produce enough revenue to pay current expenses?"

"All tariff bills are problematical. So far the bill has not been the success predicted for it, but as times improve the revenues will increase and it may produce better results."

**Proposed Missionary Conference.**

Boston, Dec. 14. — A letter from a committee representing the Foreign Missionary Societies of America, addressed to the secretaries of the Protestant Foreign Missionary Societies of Great Britain and the continent of Europe, soliciting an expression of their views as to the desirability of convening an ecumenical foreign missionary conference (similar in aim and character to the world's missionary conference at London in 1880) in the city of New York in April, 1900, and their readiness to co-operate in such a conference has met with a general and favorable response.

**Beet Sugar Company for Michigan.**

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 14.—Articles of association of the Michigan Sugar company, of Bay City, have been filed with the secretary of state. This is the first company to organize in the state for the manufacture of beet sugar and it is the result of careful and extended investigation on the part of the projectors. The incorporators comprise many of the most prominent and wealthy business men of Bay City, Thomas Cranage being president and Spencer O. Fisher vice president.

**Is a Snorer a Nuisance in Law?**

Garden City, Kan., Dec. 14.—Editor J. J. Miller, of the Santa Fe Monitor, proposes to test the question in the courts of whether a railroad corporation is liable for damages by permitting a passenger to snore all night and thus keep awake all the other passengers. The case grows out of the experience Miller had with Sheriff Bills, who, it is alleged, snored in such tones as to prevent all the other passengers on the east-bound Santa Fe train from sleeping.

**Carlyle Family Now Extinct.**

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 14.—Mrs. Janet Carlyle Henning, sister of Thomas Carlyle, the author, and the last member of the family, died yesterday at the residence of her son-in-law in this city, [illegible] years.

## A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.

**About the Cause of Anemia.**

Everybody comes into this world with a predisposition to disease of some particular tissue; in other words, everybody has a weak spot.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the weak spot in women is somewhere in the uterine system. The uterine organs have less resistance to disease than the vital organs; that's why they give out the soonest.

Not more than one woman in a hundred—nay, in five hundred—has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points to the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem to be on the wane.

Excessive menstruation is a sign of physical weakness and want of tone in the uterine organs. It saps the strength away and produces anemia (blood turns to water).

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If your gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, you are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why not build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Mrs. Edwin Ehrig, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured.

"Doctors did not help me any. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused womb trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and, after using it a short time, was troubled no more with flooding. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the Compound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have you publish this letter." (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be used.)


# ARGONAUTS FLEEING.

## Stampede of Miners from the Klondike Country.

### SCORES OF THEM WILL PERISH.

**One Thousand Ill-Provisioned Men Leave Dawson Impelled by the Haunting Fear of Starvation—Dyea People Plan to Send Relief to the Yukon Country—The Chilcoot Pass Much Improved—Material for a Propose Railway to the Lakes.**

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 13.—By steamer Topeka from Dyea news is received that more than 1,000 ill-provisioned men stampeded from Dawson during the latter part of October, and, impelled by the haunting fears of famine, are now madly forcing their way over the mountains. Auk, the Indian mail carrier, who brings this report, left the Yukon capital fully ten days after the Dawson party. He says that the vanguard of the terror-stricken army is following less than a week behind him. Auk declares that fully 25 per cent. of the stampeding army will never live to recite the terrors of their flight north. The river steamers Bella and Weare, it now appears, did not land more than 100 tons of provisions on their arrival in Dawson in the early part of October, owing to their having been held up at Circle City.

**One Bright View.**

The only bright view of the situation is that the crossing of the pass above Dyea and Skaguay has lately been greatly improved and within a month will be in excellent condition. Dyea parties, headed by George Ulmer, propose to go to the relief of the hungry at Dawson. They will make the United States government an offer to deliver 50,000 pounds of provisions within fifty days after the time of starting for Dawson, for the sum of $75,000. They already have 5,000 pounds of provisions cached at Lake Bennett, which they will take in over the Chilcoot pass this winter. Ulmer will go south by the next steamer to lay his proposition before the secretary of war by wire. It is stated that material for the proposed railway over Taku pass has already been shipped from the east.

### CAUSES A SCENE IN CHURCH.

**Woman Urges San Francisco Congregation to Save Durrant.**

San Francisco, Dec. 13.—Mrs. Alice Hartley, who killed Senator Foley at Reno several years ago, created a great deal of excitement in Emanuel Baptist church. At the conclusion of the Rev. J. George Gibson's sermon she dramatically declared that she had a message from God to the effect that Durrant's life should be saved and it was the duty of the congregation to save him. The Rev. Mr. Gibson, who was Durrant's pastor, refused to see the condemned man's mother when she called with a message from her son asking the preacher to tell all he knew about the murders in Emanuel church. A final appeal for a commutation of the sentence of death will be made to Governor Budd this week.

Eugene Duprey, the attorney who is making such a fight for Theodore Durrant, gives warning of sensational developments. He says Durrant will not hang in January, as is generally expected, and declares that he will eventually go free. The attorney says that revelations are soon to be made in the case that will cause a profound sensation. Duprey says they are on the track of the real murderer.

### SHOT FROM BEHIND.

**Mysterious Assassination Occurs at Amite City, La.**

Amite City, La., Dec. 13.—Another assassination, the second in a week, has been placed to the record for Tangipocha parish. In the full glare of the hotel lights, S. B. Mullen, a stranger here, was shot to death. He was standing on the hotel gallery and the assassin shot him from behind. There were two shots fired, one of which penetrated the brain. Immediately a large crowd congregated and the greatest excitement prevailed. Sheriff Edwards was notified and organized a small posse. Why Mullen was killed is as yet a mystery. He is an entire stranger here and could hardly have had any connection with any of the murders herabouts. Some people are under the impression that the man had enemies at his home who followed him here and murdered him. Others are of the opinion that the man was a detective and had come here for the purpose of working up some case.

### THE MARKETS.

**Chicago Grain and Produce.**

Chicago, Dec. 13.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened $1.05, closed $1.01½; January, opened 93½c, closed 92½; May, opened and closed 91¼c. Corn—December, opened 25½c, closed 25⅝c; January, opened 25⅞c, closed 25⅝c; May, opened 28¼c, closed 28⅝c. Oats—December, opened 22⅛c, closed 22c; May, opened and closed 22⅜c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $8.40, closed $8.30; May, opened $8.80, closed $8.52½. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $4.40, closed $4.35.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per dozen. Dressed Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb; chickens, 5½@6½c; ducks, 7@8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 50@60c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per bbl.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

Chicago, Dec. 13.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 25,000; sales ranged at $2.85@3.40 for pigs, $3.30@3.42½ for light, $3.20@3.25 for rough packing, $3.30@3.45 for mixed, and $3.30@3.45 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 9,500; quotations ranged at $4.80@5.50 for choice to extra steers, $4.0@4.75 good to choice do., $4.30@4.70 fair to good, $2.75@4.40 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.15@4.00 stockers, $3.70@4.30 feeders, $1.70@3.80 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls; oxen and stags, $2.90@4.60 Texas steers, and $3.50@6.50 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $3.60@4.60 westerns, $3.10@4.80 natives, and $4.15@5.70 lambs.

**East Buffalo Live Stock.**

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 13.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts, 90 cars; market steady to firm for good to prime quality, heavy steers and all light fat grades, plain and medium quality grades were all dull and lower; prime Christmas steers, $5.50@6.00; choice heavy exports, $4.90@5.40; good to choice, $4.65@4.75; plain to fairly good medium steers, $4.25@4.60; light butchers, $3.85@4.20; old to good fat cows, $2.25@3.90; prime heifers, $4.10@4.40; light to fair, $3.40@3.85; bulls steady, $3.25@3.60; heavy exports, $3.75@4.00; stockers and feeders firm for good ones; stockers, $3.50@3.95; feeders, $3.65@4.20; fresh cows, springers, dull, $3.00@4.00 head lower; veals, $6.50@7.00. Hogs—Receipts, 140 cars; market fairly active and stronger; Yorkers, $3.50@5.50; mediums, $3.47½@3.50; heavy, $3.50; pigs, $3.50@3.65. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 65 cars; active and higher for lambs; sheep firm; top lafbs, $6.20@6.30; few fancy, $6.35; culls to good, $4.85@6.15; mixed sheep, tops, $4.25@4.50; culls to good, $3.00@4.15; yearlings, $4.75@5.15; wethers, $4.65@5.00.

**St. Louis Grain.**

St. Louis, Dec. 13.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 99c; track, 99c; December, 97½c; January, 94c; May, 93⅝c; July, 80c. No. 2 hard cash, 85½@88c. Corn—Lower; No. 2 cash, 24½c; December, 24c bid; January, 25@25⅛c; May, 26⅝@26⅝c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 cash elevator, 21c; track, 22c; December, 21c; May, 22⅜c; No. 2 white, 24½c. Rye—Quiet, 46c.

**Milwaukee Grain.**

Milwaukee, Dec. 13.

Wheat—Weak; No. 1 northern, 90c; No. 2 spring, 86c; May, 91c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 26½c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 white, 23½@24c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 46½c.

**Stolen Property Recovered.**

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 13.—Thieves have entered several houses here recently and escaped with various articles of value. Sunday night two more residences were burglarized. Sheriff Baxter secured bloodhounds from Decatur and all the stolen property has been found, where it was hidden. The hounds are now hot on the trail of the thieves.

**Federation of Labor.**

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 13.—The National Federation of Labor began its seventeenth annual convention session in this city with an attendance of more than 100 delegates from different states and an equal number of visitors. The federation met in the hall of the house of representatives at the state capital at 1 o'clock, President Gompers presiding.

**Big Lake Steamer Sinks.**

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 13.—The big steel steamer City of Bangor, from Duluth to Chicago with wheat, struck a bowlder between the piers of the Canadian canal, just below the lock, early in the morning, breaking a hole in two compartments of her water bottom. She sunk just below the canal piers. Her cargo is being lightered.


**Everybody Says So.**

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1897.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Herbert Kelsey and Miss Effie Shannon.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Henry E. Dixey's N. Y. season's sensation.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Girl from Paris."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Donnelly and Girard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### WHERE HAS IT GONE TO?

Says a recent issue of the New York Journal: "One of the interesting features of the late campaign was the total disappearance of the Irish Republican vote. Since the Blaine contest of 1884 this has been one of the elements that has contributed most largely to Republican strength in New York. It almost destroyed Cleveland's majority in this State, and would have elected Blaine but for the Burchard incident. Seventy thousand votes, formerly Democratic, were turned to Blaine, and without this accession the Mugwump defection would have repeated the Cleveland tidal wave of 1882. The Irish-American vote elected Harrison in 1888, and for a time it was assiduously cultivated by the Republican leaders. Of late, however, it has been neglected. Not a single Irish-American was recommended for a federal office under the McKinley administration by the Platt machine. Of the seventeen important nominations on the Republican State, city, county and Manhattan Borough ticket this year only one was given to an Irish-American, although of the corresponding places on the Democratic ticket this element had six. The obverse side of the medal is seen in the fact that not a single Irish-American organization was working for the Republican candidates in the late campaign. It is certain that not 5 per cent of the Irish vote that was cast for Blaine and Harrison was given to Tracy.

"That this change is a matter of considerable political significance may be realized from the fact that out of the 1,515,901 inhabitants of the old city of New York in 1890, 583,635 were either of Irish birth or Irish parentage. There are doubtless not less than 200,000 voters of that nationality in Greater New York today, or twice as many as the citizens of all races that supported Tracy. Their alienation en masse from the Republican party is a fact to be taken into account by the political mathematician."

The Republican managers, from McKinley down, have played the devil with the Irish Republican vote during the last few years. They have almost written on their colors the famous shibboleth of Orange Bandon, and such "Irishmen and Catholics" as they have recognized are, with few exceptions, colorless, or of the "Jellyfish" order. Some who ought to have received appointments of the first class, on account of their services, zeal and experience, were forced into inferior positions. In fact the Republican management, both in New York and out of it, spat on the Irish Republican vote in 1896. They got their answer in the triumphant election of the Tammany candidate for Mayor of Greater New York last November, and it served them right. The Republicans used to be the American national party, but they are fast losing that character, and Cleveland's administration was not a whit more pro-English than McKinley's. The Irish Republican vote won't stand alliance with England, nor will the Irish Democratic vote either. McKinley had a heap of impudence, in his inaugural, to drag in that question. It was a gratuitous piece of canting flunkeyism, unworthy the head of a great nation. He faintly indorsed his original uncalled for proposition in his recent message to Congress. The national Americans and the faithful Irish, of all parties, will squelch the English alliance project every time it shows its dirty head in our national politics, and woe, we say again, to the political party that may indorse it. If the Irish Republican vote is lost, the Republican party itself is to blame, with its fool leaders, bigot pulpiteers and idiotic editors. But the Democratic party needn't think it has "a dead cinch" on "the Irish vote" either. The Irish-American voter has cut his wisdom teeth, and knows how to cast an independent ballot when it is necessary to uphold the honor of America and the interests of his race.

### ABOUT "IRISH CHARACTERISTICS."

We are glad to read in the Dublin Freeman of recent date, the subjoined able article on "Irish Characteristics." It is such frank, manly writing that will have good effect on the English mind, which always needs more or less of "a shock" to "make it understand, you know." Therefore we are pleased with the vigorous Freeman article, which we cheerfully present to our readers:

"There is a good deal of harmless nonsense talked and written now-a-days about the characteristics of races and nations. It passes for philosophy in a period when philosophers fancy they can discover imaginary laws governing the history of that extremely incalculable animal, the human being. But there never yet was a philosopher who could invent a formula to express the action, or even the main tendency, of any people. So that all such generalizations are best taken with the proverbial grain of salt. When one reads of the melancholy of the Kelt, of his lack of persistence, of his want of patient industry, of his tendency to hero-worship, of his love of strong and deep potations, ten thousand known facts protest against the summing up. So with the alleged virtues.

The other evening at Trinity college the Philosophical society spent a pleasant three hours discussing the characteristics of the Irish race. A good deal of what was said has been said before, but it does not gain force by repetition: and of what was new some has a basis in fact, and some is as airy as any Hegelian fabric well could be. Mr. Dudley White, who delivered a very eloquent address, displayed in his paper the usual qualities of a gifted but youthful writer. The young philosopher and the budding statesman are usually fond of general propositions. It is only when they begin to break their middle-aged shins against stubborn facts that they get down to the verities of life. So with Mr. White. He declares emphatically that it is 'undoubtedly true' that the Irish are lazy in agriculture, as Mommsen says. We should prefer an opinion on that point from Judge Waters or Commissioner Bailey, or the valuers of the soil-clad rocks of Arran or the heights of Skebeenarinka. The commonplace fact is that 'the lazy Irish' have done far more than their share of the heavy work of the English-speaking world; and the soil of their own land has received as much sweat from the brows of over-worked men and women as that of any country in Europe. The Irishman will do as much work for the same reward as any other white man, and keep doing it. Given the same conditions and the same rewards, and the Irish peasant will be as keen, patient and persistent as his cousin of France or Wales.

Lord Charles Beresford was the chief orator of the evening. His interest is naturally in the fighting Irishman, of which the nation produces the average proportion. The Irish admiral asserts that whatever an Irishman is he is not half anything. He will be neither half good nor half bad, he will be thoroughpaced in any event. There is something to be said for that view, though perhaps the nation has its own percentage of those lukewarm souls who are only pretty middling. Naturally Lord Charles Beresford differs from Mommsen as to the fighting qualities of the Irish people. The admiral has a great respect for those qualities, and he knows what fighting is. We are approaching a period of many centenaries when that point may go without saying. For a man who keeps a face so well set to the stubborn realities of life, we are surprised to find Lord Charles Beresford lauding those quack nostrums for the appeasement of Ireland that are the vogue of Primrose Tea Parties. Does so sensible a man really believe that a prince at Muckross or on the Dargle would really solve the Irish question, with all its real and serious issues bearing upon the happiness and social well-being of the people? Lord Charles Beresford condemns those ministers to whom it is due that the queen has spent in Ireland only seventeen out of the twenty-two thousand and odd days she has been on the throne. But he is candid enough to admit that until 1870 no sane or shrewd Irish tenant would have added a pound's worth of value to Irish land. Does the noble admiral believe that if the queen had been in Killarney or Gweedore from 1837 to 1870 it would really have made a pin's difference in the pacification of Ireland while such conditions were allowed to exist?

The Irishman is not the big baby that all this talk about 'kindly influences' and their effects upon a 'warm-hearted people' presumes him to be. He has long outgrown the time when he could be 'pleased with a rattle or tickled with a straw.' He was not made to rule the world, as Mr. Macinerney thinks, or the British empire, as Lord Dufferin will have it; but he was endowed with the power Providence gives almost every man, the power of ruling himself. At present he is possessed of certain very patent facts that all the world, except Prof. Mahaffy, sees. He knows that under the Union he has been stripped by the landlord and skinned by the tax-gatherer. He knows that he has been kept half ignorant because of his creed. He knows that his rulers have made a mess of the government of his country; that they have never been prompt to redress a grievance, never ready to face an emergency, and always slow to defeat injustice. He knows that countries over which the savage roamed at will when Ireland came into the grip of foreign rulers have beaten it in the industrial race, and that Ireland has always been subservient to British industrial policy. He thinks he could do better for himself; and all the world that is looking on believes he could. The gracious smile of a duchess to whom he bears no ill-will, or the presence of a duke that never heard of Balbriggan hose till last August, will, he knows, not alter these facts. To think that his political opinions or temper will change until the facts are changed, is to forget that human nature is human nature, and that whether you label it Keltic or label it Saxon, your label implies very little essential difference in its inevitable attitude toward a system that interferes with its comfort and invades its self interest."

### A HUMAN RELIC OF WATERLOO.

A picturesque military character, who carried a heap of history in his scars and wrinkles, passed away in the Nenagh Infirmary recently in the person of Sergt. Lawrence McCarthy, formerly of the British army, a veteran of Vimeira, Busaco, Albuera, Salamanca, Vitoria, Orthez, Toulouse and Waterloo, who was in his 115th year at the time of his death.

"That McCarthy had lived through this extraordinary length of years is not at all a matter of conjecture or surmise," says the Cork Herald of Nov. 27. "The workhouse records bear testimony in the first instance to his remarkable longevity, of which there is even still more conclusive evidence in documents which he had himself carefully preserved. His life illustrates many peculiar traits of character and a remarkable though somewhat chequered career. Born in the capital of the North Riding of Tipperary in the early part of the year 1782, he became instilled at a youthful age with strong Nationalist sentiments. When not yet out of his teens he joined with others in seeking National independence. In many of the stirring events of 1798 and on historic occasions since he figured prominently. He carried with him to his grave mementoes of the battle of Waterloo, in the shape of a number of severe wounds which he sustained in that action."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that many of the Irish insurgents of '98 had to join the British army, per force, after the rebellion. They were poor and in the power of their enemies, and had no alternative but to enlist or be transported to the penal settlements of England. McCarthy was one of these. We remember the old man well, for he was already eighty-two when we left Ireland. At that time he looked not more than sixty, and several other old Peninsular veterans, of about the same age, were still living. It was interesting to hear the old fellows relate their experiences in Tom Talbot's harness shop—their favorite rendezvous, Barrack street, Nenagh. One would speak of Tulavera, as if it had been fought the day before. Another would relate the storming of Badajoz, and the horrors of San Sebastian. A third would dwell on the privations of the retreat on Corunna, under Sir John Moore. A fourth the almost equally severe one under Wellington from Burgos, and all would give their respective accounts of that "king-making victory"—Waterloo.

They generally had a large and interested audience, mainly composed of adventure-loving youths, who, since then, have been scattered far and wide. The old men rarely said much in the presence of the mature, who had not seen service, because, as they put it, "such people might think they were telling lies"—some of their real experiences appeared so incredible. With the boys, however, it was all right, and thus we heard, in our youth, at first hand, true tales of "battles, sieges and fortunes" that were traditions even in the year of grace 1864. It is sad to think that some of these brave veterans, like McCarthy, were left destitute in their old age by the government for which they had shed their blood on many an immortal field. But this has been the ordinary fate of Irishmen who have accepted the accursed "Saxon Shilling." Truth compels us to declare that we heard few, if any, of the ancients, who had fought under him, say a kind word of the Duke of Wellington. They generally regarded him as a great general, but a cold and disagreeable martinet.

### DOING ENGLAND'S DIRTY WORK.

A very foolish person named Doane, who wears knee breeches, black silk stockings, a black silk apron and a shovel-shaped hat, in imitation of his British brethren, has been making a very ridiculous spectacle of himself recently. He undertakes to prove that England is a very meek, forgiving nation; that she desires to be at peace with all the world, and especially with America, but that certain evil disposed persons here, and elsewhere, belong to a bad class called Jingoes (whatever that means), and that instigated by a spirit of envy, hatred and general wickedness these Jingoes keep up a feeling of animosity against the model Christian nation, and will not permit her to pursue her evangelical way in peace. This black-breechered, silk-stockinged, shovel-hatted personage is particularly severe on his own countrymen because they teach their children the history of their country, as written by Americans. He says it is a long time since the Revolution, and that nothing has transpired since then to keep alive a spirit of animosity against the loving, generous "mother country." It seems a little unkind in the Inter Ocean to vex the soul of this apostle of Toryism, who has crawled out of an old loyalist grave in Trinity churchyard in New York to revisit the "glimpses of the moon," and crawl back again when it finds that the 115th anniversary of the British evacuation of that Tory city was celebrated a few days ago. Says the Inter Ocean:

"To account for this feeling of dislike my lord bishop has gone back to revolutionary times, and then suggested that, in view of the lapse of time and advance of English civilization, the spirit of 1776 should be dead and American children should be taught that it is dead. It is difficult to see why my lord bishop has gone back to Revolutionary times to explain American spirit toward England. Why did he not stop at 1812 or 1861? Or why did he not content himself with pointing out England's ill-concealed sympathy with Spain since relations have been strained between Madrid and Washington? The storm of denunciation raised in London by our proposal to annex Hawaii, or still more recent abuse of Secretary Sherman by the whole English press, should have served the purpose of his inquiry equally well, and would have done so, doubtless, had he not been trying to prove a point against his own country. Of course, the reason for American dislike of England is that she has bullied us when we have been weak, harassed and threatened us when we have been in trouble, and denounced us and slandered us in season and out of season. If Bishop Doane wishes to know more about the causes of our prejudice against England let him subscribe for the London Globe, Standard, St. James Gazette and Saturday Review, and read their articles about America and Americans."

Here are a few choice extracts from debates in the British parliament in 1861-4, when, as the Inter Ocean says, "England harassed and threatened us when we were in trouble." As these clippings are from "Hansard's Parliamentary debates," the shovel-hatted Albanian will not dispute their authenticity. Mr. Bernal Osborne said: "If this were the proper time, I could point out outrages committed by the militia (sic) of New York, in one of the Southern States occupied by them, where the general commanding, on the pretext that one of his men had been poisoned by strychnine, issued an order of the day, threatening to put a slave into every man's house to incite the slaves to murder their masters. Such was the general order issued by Gen. Butler."

It is unnecessary to say at this late day that this is, and was, a British lie, cut out of the whole cloth. March 7, 1862, Mr. Gregory said: "Now I can assure my honorable friend that so far as I was concerned, I should have made use of no irritating expression. I should have affirmed then, as, undeterred by what has occurred since then, I affirm now, that secession was a right, separation is a fact, reconstruction is an impossibility." He then denounced Mr. Seward as "lax, unscrupulous and lawless of the rights of others."

March 7, 1862, Mr. G. W. P. Bentinck demanded why the government had not recognized the independence of the Southern Confederacy. He sneeringly referred to the "endless corruption in every department of the Northern States."

March 23, 1863, Lord Campbell said: "Swelling with omnipotence, Mr. Lincoln and his colleagues dictate insurrection to the slaves of Alabama." And he spoke of the administration as "ready to let loose 4,000,000 negroes on their compulsory owners, and to renew from sea to sea the horrors and crimes of San Domingo." He argued earnestly in favor of joining France in acknowledging Southern independence. He boasted that within a few days a Southern loan of £3,000,000 had been offered in London, and that £9,000,000 were subscribed. He said that "Southern recognition will take away from the Northern mind the hope that lingers yet of Southern subjugation. From the government at Washington it will take away the power of describing eleven communities contending for their liberty as rebels. 'Victorious already, animated then, the Southern armies would be doubly irresistible."

February 5, 1863, Earl Malmesbury spoke disdainfully of treating with so extraordinary a body as the government of the United States, and referred to the miseries of the war as "horrors unparalleled in the wars even of barbarous nations."

March 27, 1863, Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead (builder of the Alabama and the rebel rams), was loudly cheered when he declared that "the institutions of the United States are of no value whatever, and have reduced the very name of liberty to an utter absurdity."

April 23, 1863, Mr. Roebuck declared that "the whole conduct of the people of the North is such, as proves them not only unfit for the government of themselves, but unfit for the courtesies and the community of the whole world." Referring to some case of an English ship that had been seized by an American man-of-war, he said: "It may lead to war, and I, speaking here for the English people, am prepared for war. I know that language like this will strike the heart of the peace party in this country, but it will also strike the heart of the insolent people who govern America."

June 30, 1863, Roebuck asserted that "the South will never come into the Union, and what is more I hope it never may. I will tell you why I say so. America while she was united, ran a race of prosperity unparalleled in the world. Eighty years made the Republic such a power, that if she had continued as she was a few years longer, she would have been the great bully of the world. As far as my influence goes, I am determined to do all I can to prevent the reconstruction of the Union. I say the southern people have vindicated their right to recognition; they hold out to us advantages such as the world has never seen before. I hold that it will be of the greatest importance that the reconstruction of the Union should not take place."

June 30, 1863, Mr. Clifford spoke of "the wanton barbarity which the Federal government has allowed its officers to wage in the war, as though they sought to emulate the savages of Attila and Genghis Kahn. And these things were done, not for military objects, which would afford some excuse for them, but out of sheer wanton malice, that even the negroes looked on disgusted and aghast."

February 9, 1864, Mr. Hallburton said: "The Canadians feel that the Americans are a lawless people, who are bound by no ties, who disregard international law, and who resort to violence and force."

March 14, 1864, Sir James Ferguson declared that "wholesale peculations and robberies have been perpetrated under the form of war by the generals of the Federal States, and worse horrors, I believe, than have ever in the present century disgraced European armies have been perpetrated under the eyes of the Federal government, and yet remain unpunished. These things are notorious as the proceedings of a government which seems anxious to rival one despotic and irresponsible power in Europe in its contempt for the public opinion of mankind."

May 19, 1864, Alderman Rose declared: "The whole system of government in the Northern States is false, rotten and corrupt; while the South is making itself a great name and a glorious history."

It may be said that all these sneers and insults were given thirty years ago, and that many of the speakers were men of small repute and have passed away from public view. But here are the opinions of a man who is at the present day the premier of England, and who ought to be held strictly responsible for his utterances now and during his life. Listen to him:

"The plain matter of fact is, as every one who watches the current of history must know, that the Northern States of America never can be our true friends for the simple reason, not merely because the newspapers write at each other, or that there are prejudices on both sides, but because we are rivals—rivals politically and rivals commercially. We aspire to the same position. We are both manufacturing people, and in every port, as in every court, we are rivals to each other. With respect to the Southern States, the case is entirely reversed. The population is agricultural. They furnish the raw material for our industry, and consume the products which are manufactured from it. With them, therefore, every interest must lead us to cultivate friendly relations, and we have seen that when the war began, they at once recurred to England as their natural ally."

Not satisfied with this ruffianly attack on us as a people this typical English lord, who has been trying to bully us for several years and failed every time, made this vile lying attack on the judiciary of the country in 1863:

"American courts are not free from circumstances of suspicion. It might be that in old times judges sat on the American bench who enjoyed world-wide reputations, but within the last two or three years the American tribunals have delivered their opinions under the pressure of fixed bayonets. The Supreme Court of America two years ago was applied to for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of the American Constitution, but the judges were unable to pronounce the judgment which their consciences would have prompted them to deliver, because the soldiers of President Lincoln, appearing at their doors in arms, so terrified them that they perverted the law to suit the designs of the Executive."

That is what the present premier of England, Victoria's adviser, thought of us and our judges in 1863, and what he thinks of us now. He is the same bullying Anglo-Saxon who is now trying to hoodwink us into a swindling treaty in favor of his government, the only enemy we have today or ever had in the world. Is it possible that the President, who at that time was in the field fighting this man's allies, will trust him now? He who declared that we never could be the true friends of England. Is the President willing to forget that he, and his gallant comrades, are denounced as the equals of the savages of Attila and Genghis Kahn? Is he willing to forget that a brother Tory of Salisbury, one Roebuck, speaking as he said in the name of the people of England, used this brutal language in parliament in 1864:

"The whole proceedings in this American war are a blot on human nature, and when I am told that I should have sympathy for the Northern States of America, I turn in absolute disgust from their hypocrisy. If there is a sink of political iniquity it is Washington. They are corrupt; they are bad; they are cowardly; they are cruel."

The President will remember that this billingsgate abuse was heaped on the administration of the pure and spotless Abraham Lincoln, than whom a whiter soul never lived on this earth. No purity, however, can save any American from the hatred and malice of the brutal Anglo-Saxons. Every true man in the Union should arise and denounce the cowardly un-American attempt to tie us up in an alliance with our bitter bigoted enemy. M.

### MRS. KATE M'PHELIM CLEARY'S NOVEL.

We have read with great interest, and keen pleasure, "Like a Gallant Lady," a novel written by Mrs. Kate McPhelim Cleary, sister of the late gifted Edward J. McPhelim, so long the literary and dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune, and published by Way & Williams of this city. It is a realistic story of Kansas-Nebraskan life, and, as such, possesses the merit of naturalness in the delineation of the Western characters introduced. The style of narration is very charming, but we cannot say that the plot is one out of which a great story could be woven. In fact, it smacks strongly of the improbable, and improbability of plot and realism of characters do not result harmoniously. Mrs. Cleary is not sparing of "the feelin's" of the Kansas-Nebraskan folk, and her castigation of the prairie gossips is certainly racy. This, however, they could more readily forgive than her decidedly uncomplimentary references to their physical aspect. The strong tinge of sarcasm imparts pungency to the work, and the character of the heroine, Ivera Lyle, is well and strongly drawn. It is, as the title would indicate, *the* character of the book. On the other hand, the character of the hero, Jardine, is pictured unequally. In the opening he seems to be considerable of a heavy villain, but winds up, as the lover of Ivera, very romantically and respectably.

We consider the novel a very striking one, but only an "earnest" of what the gifted authoress can accomplish in a broader field. Mrs. Cleary is well known in the literary world. She is still young, and the best years of her work are before her. "Like a Gallant Lady" may not, of itself, bring her enduring fame; but it may be regarded as the bright precursor of other books, from the same trenchant pen, that will live forever in the minds and hearts of the people.

THE seventeenth annual ball of the Young Men's Hebrew Charity Association was held at the Auditorium last Tuesday night and proved a grand success, some seven thousand people being in attendance. Col. M. V. Sheridan and Miss Ida Mandel, and Col. Albert Hartstuff and Miss Cora Bloom led the grand march. It is estimated that nearly $30,000 will be realized.


**The Century Magazine.**

The fifth printing of Dr. Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynne," is now under way, bringing the book up to the thirtieth thousand. The new story, "The Adventures of François," by the same author, which is to begin in the January Century, is a tale of pure adventure, the hero a "foundling, adventurer, juggler, fencing-master and servant, during the French Revolution." It will be illustrated by the French-American artist, Andre Castaigne.

**Joseph P. Wathier & Co.**

We call particular attention to the advertisement of Joseph P. Wathier & Co., wholesale and retail jewelers, 178 Madison street and 142 Milwaukee avenue. This firm has on hand one of the finest displays of jewelry in the city. They sell at reasonable figures, and for those desirous of obtaining graceful Christmas gifts on moderate terms, no establishment offers better inducements. Joseph P. Wathier & Co. advertise in THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, which is the Irish-American organ of the West, and Irish-Americans should manifest their appreciation of this fact by dealing with them.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

### GRAN-U-AILLE.

J. HENNESSY FLEMING.

(The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the "Loser Ireland" in Battery D):

Cead Mile Failthe, Gran-u-aille,
But say, what brought you over?
Or, like the children of the Gael,
Have you become a rover?

You came from Antrim and Tyrone,
From Donegal and Derry;
You came from Dublin and Athlone,
From Limerick, Cork and Kerry.

From Galway, too, and Waterford
Whose sons fought British Intrigue,
And gave us "Meagher of the Sword,"
And Davitt of the Land League.

But won't your mother weep for you
Across the Atlantic waters,
Or has she grown accustomed to
Lose all her sons and daughters?

Then forward Irishmen and tread
The blessed soil that bore us,
And raise the Green above the Red,
To Freedom's marching chorus.

Remember Tone and 'Ninety-eight,
And Emmet in Glasnevin;
Remember (while we celebrate)
The foe that's unforgiven.

### THE LATE EUGENE DAVIS.

SKETCH BY A FRIEND.

Wherever the Irish Gael is scattered the world over the tidings of the death of Eugene Davis will be received with feelings of sincere sorrow; for, his poems being welcomed in every paper or magazine representative of his nationality, his name and reputation were familiar from Ireland to the Antipodes. He was a master of pleasing metre; his love rondels were graceful and tender, his ballads graphic and vigorous; but above and beyond all this he was par excellence the modern poet of "total separation," standing far, fiercely and uncompromisingly ahead of the gleaned array of Irish bards of the day. Many of the latter have learned to twang their timid lyres in feeble, half-hearted, subservient style, so that no daring note might jar on the sensibilities, forsooth, of the brute England. Davis, on the contrary, infused into his national poetry the fire of his illustrious namesake from the same Munster county, and an unquenchable hatred of English rule equal to that of John Mitchel.

His first writings to attract particular attention in Ireland were a series of biographical and critical sketches of Irish poets, written for the Dublin Shamrock some twenty years ago under the non de plume "Owen Roe." He examined each poet separately under the microscope of Irish nationality pure and undefiled, and woe to any luckless bard he detected pandering to West Britonism or prating of a "union of hearts!" He was himself a steady weekly contributor of poems to the Shamrock, which was at this time, by the way, in the hands of the notorious Richard Pigott.

The "divine afflatus" was shared by other members of the Davis family, Eugene's half-brother, the late Father Davis, of Baltimore, Cork, being reputed author of "Lough Ine," a simple poem but exquisitely descriptive of a typical Irish scene. Father Davis, with the assistance of his benevolent brother-in-law Burdett-Coutts, was founder of the celebrated fishery college of Baltimore, a nine model of which was exhibited at the World's Fair, with a portrait of the reverend founder.

While contributing to the Shamrock and Irishman Mr. Davis edited a volume of poems of J. K. Casey ("Leo"), author of the well-known " Itising of the Moon," a most promising national poet, cut off in his young manhood.

From Clonakilty, his native town, Mr. Davis went to the Continent and pursued in various colleges his studies for the priesthood. Finding, however, he had no vocation to the sacred office he left college and proceeded to Paris, where he wooed the muses untrammeled and also became correspondent for several newspapers, including some in New York and San Francisco. In Paris he became his friend and associate of the celebrated Fenian organizer, James Stephens, and here in bohemian style he lived, a victim to the inclemencies of the guilty-suspicious English government, the secret French ministry—which immediately afterwards fell from power—deported both Stephens and Davis across the frontier, the former proceeding to Belgium, the latter to Switzerland. At Lausanne Mr. Davis was visited by Pigott, who audaciously invited him to join in a settlement plot for the "drowning" of Parnell. Davis helped to put Parnell on his guard, and later rendered evidence at the "Times Commission," as a sequel to which the convicted Pigott, author of the forged letters, fled for his life and ultimately disposed of it by suicide in Madrid.

Shortly after the "Times Commission" Mr. Davis accepted from Mr. T. D. Sullivan a position on the editorial staff of the Dublin Nation; and great was Mr. Sullivan's surprise when, instead of the conventionally and unhealthily slender and fragile poet he had expected, there walked into his office a tall, stout personage in tall hat and Albert coat, with black curly hair, mustache and imperial, and generally marked Parisian aspect. At this time Mr. Davis published a volume of verses and there also appeared "Irish Footprints on the Continents," in which he described the numerous monuments of Irish valor, learning and piety he had come across in his Goldsmith-like wanderings from Flanders to Italy.

In 1890 the Nation died—the ghost of it has since appeared—and Mr. Davis, after receiving a hearty Irish "sendoff" from numerous friends, who entertained him at a valedictory banquet and presented him with a purse of money, came to Chicago. Unhappily the transplantation was rather late; newspaper ways and wiles here were strange to him, and some of them naturally repulsive; he failed to "catch on" and get ahead, and at times grew very despondent.

Early in 1892 he married Mrs. Elizabeth Kirwan Graham, a lady he had known in Ireland. They took up their residence in Boston, whence later they moved to Brooklyn. The death of his eldest son affected him very much, aggravating an insidious malady that was slowly creeping upon him.

The melancholy experience of Eugene Davis has been that of many another Irishman gifted with the too often fatal fire of genius. The cynical Irish proverb, "Far-off hills look green," was sadly exemplified in his case. The fata-morgana attractions of this alleged "Island it Milia" or "Greater Ireland," decoyed him across the Atlantic, where he found himself in a new and strange, but to him a bewildering and unInspiring literary arena. His Celtic sentimentalism was confronted by cosmopolitan materialism. Modest unto diffidence, although genial and social, and at times sanguine of success, he fell and perished in the unequal struggle. His earthly ills and disappointments were many, the "iron that entered into his soul" harsh and merciless. Death came to him as a pitying friend; and, let us hope, as another poetic Davis wrote of the distinguished Irish soldier whose name this modern one adopted to add his sad writings:

"His troubles now are o'er
He's at peace with God on high."

Eugene Davis is the last passed away, but his esteemed memory will long live in the hearts of many warm friends and admirers, and many of his inspiring national lyrics will forever have a prominent place among the national poetry of Ireland.

S.

## FROM IRELAND DIRECT.

### DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

The long-standing difficulties between Mr. Michael Gunn and Mr. Morell have been settled. Mr. Morell completed the purchase of the site on which the new Theatre Royal and other buildings are erected, and paid Mr. Gunn the balance of £16,000 for the whole of his interest in the site. The new Theatre Royal is rapidly approaching completion.

The remains of the late Mr. Henry Wigham were removed from Bells Vista, Killiney, on Nov. 23, and conveyed to Temple Hill cemetery. Blackrock, for interment. The funeral was largely attended, and in addition to those who came from Killiney a considerable number of friends and sympathizers assembled at the burial ground. The casket was covered with wreaths and other floral tributes.

A woman named Mary Dunwoody, residing at Ballyhoe, near Blaris, fell into the Lifley, near the north wall. A man named Boggs jumped in and rescued her. Boggs had on a similar previous occasions rescued persons from drowning.

### COUNTY DOWN.

Week before last an old man named Cleland Carson, 64 years of age, residing at Ballyhoe, near Crossgar, committed suicide by shooting himself. Dr. R. C. Parke, coroner for the division, held an inquest, and the jury found a verdict that deceased committed suicide while suffering from temporary insanity.

### COUNTY CORK.

An inquest was held on Nov. 27, at Ballyhooly, by Coroner Byrne, to inquire into the death of Patrick Lombard, P. L. G. Dr. Quinlan deposed that deceased sustained a compound fracture of the right arm and a fracture of the skull. In his opinion deceased's death was caused by a passing train. A verdict was returned to that effect.

### KING'S COUNTY.

At the last meeting of the Edenderry Guardians, Mr. E. J. Beaumont Nesbitt presiding, a large number of able-bodied men came before the board and applied for out-door relief, as they stated they had not been able to procure work anywhere, and they and their families were on the point of starvation. The chairman said that the Guardians could not legally give out-door relief, and also that they were unable to find any work for the laborers. All of the laborers have large families. The chairman said the Board would direct the relieving officer to make inquiries as to whether work could be procured. The laborers then withdrew, the relieving officer stating that he had two or three days' work and would employ those among the laborers who had the largest families.

### COUNTY MEATH.

A rural postman named Mat Daly has been arrested by the Enfield police on the serious charge of stealing from a letter, the property of the postmaster-general, a valuable security. The security was missing for some time, and it was only after close investigation that a clew as to the perpetrator of the offense could be discovered, and Daly, who has been for a number of years in the service, was placed under arrest. The prisoner was remanded.

### COUNTY WEXFORD.

On the 27th ult., Justice Stanley and Commissioners Fitzgerald and Lynch concluded their sitting in Wexford. They gave decisions in over thirty cases on the County Estates Court, which was considerably raised in almost every case.

### COUNTY CLARE.

At the Kilrush Guardians' meeting week Margaret McMahon, of Moyarta, West Clare, applied for out-door relief for herself and her eight children, who were in a state of destitution. She had been evicted with her husband some six months ago from their farm on the Westley estate. They had re-taken forcible possession of an outhouse, for which her husband had been summarily charged, and also for assaulting the would-be grabber, and the magistrates at Carrigaholt had sent him to jail for one month with hard labor. After a discussion the relieving officer was directed to give the woman provisional relief.

### COUNTY MONAGHAN.

On Nov. 27, at Scotstown, near Smithborough, an inquest was held on the body of a farmer named Charles McKenna, aged 46 years, who was found drowned in a drain. The evidence went to show that the deceased in passing over a plank which crossed the drain fell into the water underneath, where his body was found next morning.

### COUNTY WATERFORD.

On the night of Nov. 23 the thirtieth anniversary of the martyrdom of the patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, was fittingly commemorated in Waterford by an impressive procession, in which the five city bands and fully two thousand people participated. As years roll by the spirit which the Manchester Martyrs infused in the people by their noble bearing in the dock and on the scaffold, seems to grow stronger, as was evidenced by this magnificent demonstration which eclipsed all former ones. Young and old were there, those who remembered the scenes at the execution of the trial as it progressed day by day, and those who learned, at their mother's knee, the story of the crime which England perpetrated on the prisoners. A torchlight procession started from the Manor shortly after 8 o'clock, the bands playing the "Dead March in Saul," with muffled drums, and carrying two beautiful banners bearing appropriate mottoes. After parading the principal streets, the people peacefully dispersed.

In a Severe Case of eczema I found Hood's Sarsaparilla invaluable, and I recommend it for all blood diseases.—Mrs. Anna Laughlin, 3317 Union avenue, Chicago. Ill.

**Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.**

### St. Nicholas Magazine.

There are three "Just-So" stories by Rudyard Kipling, one of which, "How the Whale got his Tiny Throat," appears in the Christmas St. Nicholas. "How the Camel got his Hump" will appear in the January number, and "How the Rhinoceros got his Wrinkly Skin," will come in the February St. Nicholas.

### STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Umbria arrived at New York, Dec. 11, at 11 a. m.

The Etruria arrived at Queenstown, Dec. 11, at 11 a. m.

### A SCOTCH-ENGLISH HERO WHO IS IRISH.

(Boston Pilot, Dec. 11.)

He was a humble piper in the Gordon Highlanders when they charged the wild Afridis at Dargai Ridge, up in the mountains of Hindostan, a few weeks ago. The native Goorkhas in the British service led the assault. The English Dorsetshire and Derbyshire regiments failed to follow, but the Gordons rushed boldly to the front. Their piper was shot down, with both legs disabled, but he bravely continued the lilt on his pipes and played "The Cock of the North" for the encouragement of his comrades.

The English papers glorified the charge as an act of "indomitable English pluck." The Scotch, ever jealous of the national reputation, claimed it as a laurel for Caledonia. The piper was exalted by both nations and promoted the Victoria Cross. Scottish societies all over the world sang his praises, and then—

Then there came the revelation that the "English" hero, the "Scotch" paladin was an Irishman!

Even yet there was a mystery about him. First he was gazetted as "Piper Findlater," a genuine Highlandman. Then his name was given as "Patrick Milne," born of Irish parents in Scotland, and distinguished already for valor on another field of battle.

Now comes a sufficiently responsible authority, no less a one than Lord Charles Beresford, Britain's foremost fighting naval hero. Let us listen to Lord Charles, speaking before the University Philosophical society at Trinity college, Nov. 18.

He said of the Irish people that their neighbors knew nothing about them.

They misjudged them altogether, particularly a large number of those in an of the high social set. For his own part, being an Irishman (cheers), he had very often had arguments on the other side about Ireland; and whenever he met a man worth arguing with and wanted to find out what he knew he asked him—"Have you ever been in Ireland?"—and when he invariably said "No"—he went away smiling. He had had to do with Irishmen all over the world, and all sorts of conditions of Irishmen, and he never met an Irishman that was "that" anything yet. If he was a good man he was a solid good man (cheers), and if he was a bad man he was about the best of bad men (laughter). He quite agreed with the president that they did not like being called English, with "They were a sensitive as well as a generous people.

They had been conquered by many nations, but the nations had disappeared and they were Irish still (cheers). They had very often won battles for the English. They won Fontenoy for the French, and the French themselves acknowledged that, as well as the English who were fighting there. As regarded what he said about their disposition toward leaders. Monumens's remarks applied to a past period, but would not hold water at the present day. The Duke of Wellington was a leader, and he was an Irishman. The Marquis of Wolesley and Lord Roberts were Irishmen.

A Voice—And Kitchener.

Lord Charles, continuing said that Sir Herbert Kitchener, another great soldier, was an Irishman, and so was Sir George White of India. Let him point to facts connected with the late gallant action fought by the Gordon Highlanders. He always took an interest in a fight in order to see if any of his countrymen were in it, and he generally found that they were. He went to the war office and obtained the names of the killed and wounded in that battle fought by the Gordon Highlanders so gallantly, and what names did he find: Patrick Rogan, Timothy Byrne, Denis Hickey, and last but not least, the gallant piper who, when both his legs were shot through by bullets, put his back against a boulder and played to encourage his comrades to fight, and whose name was found to be Findlatter. That man, he believed had been recommended for the Victoria Cross, and he hoped he would get it. He was an honor and


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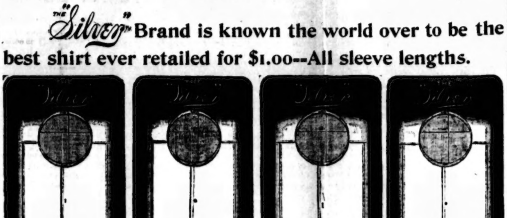

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a credit to that great Scotch regiment, and to the Irishmen who served in it.

The reader will notice that this action of Irish nobility, and most loyal subject of the British queen, does not qualify his nationality by calling himself "Anglo-Irish" or "Scotch-Irish" or "Scotch-Irish." Whatever else the Beresfords are or have been, they have never been snobs. If they had come over to America as poor immigrants a century or two ago, possibly their descendants today might be calling themselves by an hyphenated absurdity. But by good luck they stayed in their native land, and being successful in a worldly sense, they have been naturally proud of their nationality, just like the other Irishmen of distinction whom he mentions. Wellington, Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener, White and many more.

Lord Charles is not by the mind of an American parvenu, to see a real British lord proud of being an Irishman!

The piper, too, no doubt, is proud of his race, and would not feel complimented by being called English or Scotch, unless he were a snob, as heroes happily are not.

Yet we could wish for both peer and piper a better business than that of aiding England in her slander of weaker nations. Lord Charles won his glory by shelling in the cause of his evasion lombardment of Alexandria, whereby England gained, not honor but the mere coveted, filthy property. It was as clear a case of "loot" as the attack on the Afridis, and there are too many blood and greed stains on such laurels to make them desirable to honest men.

If forty per cent. of its Gordon Highlanders are, as stated, Irishmen, we are sorry that they have chosen to let themselves out as bravoes or Janissaries in the service of their hereditary enemy, when there are causes worth fighting and dying for all over the world. If we can with Sarsfield's men who gave up home and country to die in exile, with the one hope in their hearts that somewhere, sometime, they might strike one blow for Ireland, or Erin's land or any cause, against her hated enemy.

There is nothing to make Irishmen proud in Lord Beresford's recital of the British Army's records of cruelty and valor, from Lord Roberts down to Piper Findlatter or Patrick Milne. Rather is there cause for sorrow and shame that such talents and such bravery are wasted in the service of the country of Ireland and such ignoble service! Bombarding helpless Egyptians, murdering wild Afridis, and exploding dum-dums, shelling naked Africans or burning them to death in caves—these are the duties allotted by England and the god of avarice to Irishmen and Scotchmen as the butcher's work while the smug tradesmen who hire them, reap all the profits of the bloody trade.

Let England and Scotland quarrel for the honor of owning the Piper. Neither of them will be over prompt in "paying the piper," save with the British guerdon of valor—

"Shillin a day
Biscuits good pay
Lucky to touch it, a shillin a day!"

### The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2 p. m. in room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 7325 South Canal street, Chicago.


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## SELLING BY SIGNAL.

### HOW CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

**Sitting In Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raising Their Whips Over Their Heads.**

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns the signal is answered by the momentary uplifting of a hand, and a "bunch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. Trade in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in proves that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sacred as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he pauses to note the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly penciled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards pausing in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about $1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"Here is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about $10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of $5.10 for them. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at his offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, if he is willing to pay the price which he named in the morning I'll show you how a $10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the distant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of a big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel uplifting his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

Only a moment elapsed before the alert eye of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then dropped it with a forward movement. Quickly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. Had we been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have mae the bargain better understood or any more binding."—Chicago Post.

**A Coin In the Bottle.**

There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of securing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottles of some standard liquor with an inferior grade and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphian proposes to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks that this will be tempting enough to induce some one to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied.—Philadelphia Record.

## SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON.

**A Chicago Girl Notes That English Women Have Large Feet.**

"Under these circumstances we took our first drive down Piccadilly, and Europe to me dates from that moment," writes Miss Lilian Bell in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The ship, the landing, the custom house, the train, the hotel—all these were mere preliminaries to Europe, which began then. People told me in America how my heart would swell at this and how I would thrill at that, but it was not so. My first real thrill came on me in Piccadilly. It went all over me in little shivers and came out at the ends of my fingers and then began once more at the base of my brain and did it all over again.

"I remember nothing definite about that first drive. I, for my part, saw with unseeing eyes. My sister had seen it all before, so she had the power of speech. Occasionally she prodded me and cried, 'Look, oh, look quickly!' But I never swerved. I won't look. If I do, I shall miss something. You attend to your own window and I'll attend to mine. Coming back I will see your side.'

"When we got beyond the shops, I said to the cabman:

"'Do you know exactly the way you have come?'

"'Yes, miss,' he said.

"'Then go back precisely the same way.

"'Have you lost something, miss?' he inquired.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have lost an impression, and I must look till I find it.'

"We did it all over again that afternoon, and that second time I was able in a measure to detach myself from the hum and buzz and the dizzying effect of foreign faces, and I began to locate impressions. My first distinct recollections are of the great numbers of high hats on the men, the ill hanging skirts and big feet of the women, the unsteadying effect of all those thousands of cabs, carriages and carts all going to the left, which kept me constantly wishing to shriek out, 'Go to the right or we'll be killed!' the absolutely perfect manner in which traffic was managed and the majestic authority of the London police."

## CARE FOR EMPLOYEES.

**The Plan Which a Large Manufacturer Found Successful.**

The question, "What is to become of the old man?" is one that is frequently discussed. Generally it is meant to apply to men who have not been able to save sufficient money to support them in their declining years and whose economic efficiency has become impaired by the passing of years. To be dependent upon their children or relatives is a humiliation that would imbitter that part of their lives which should be free from care. The almshouse is a horror of degradation from which they shrink. In some countries the governments have endeavored to solve the problem by a system of labor pensions. This is done in Germany; but, despite its merits, it still savors of charity or paternalism.

A few individuals have sought for a solution in this country. In at least one community the employer of 1,000 men insures the lives of all his workmen up to $3,000, and after 25 years of continuous service an employee may retire and continue to draw full wages as long as he lives. To do this the employer says that it costs him not over 1 per cent of his wages account, which he regards as the cheapest possible insurance against strikes and against the disturbance caused by constantly changing his working force. He puts by every year that small percentage of his profits to the account of wear and tear upon labor, just as he does a larger percentage to the account of wear and tear upon machinery. He is an earnest advocate of a national labor pension and insurance system—not by the government, but by an association of employers.—New York Mail and Express.

**A Story of Abernethy.**

This is the story of Dr. Abernethy which Tennyson used to tell. A farmer went to the great doctor complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor said, "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I taakes my yaale pretty well." Abernethy (with great patience and gentleness), "Now then, to begin the day — breakfast, what time?" "Oh, at haafe past 7." "Ale then; how much?" "I taakes my quart." "Luncheon?" "At 11 o'clock, I gets another snack." "Ale then?" "Oh, yes, my pint and a haafe." "Dinner?" "Haafe past 1." "Any ale then?" "Yees, yees, another quart then." "Tea?" "My tea is at haafe past 5." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa." "Supper?" "Noine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yees, yees. I taakes my fill then. I goes asleep arterward." Like a lion aroused, Abernethy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out and shouted out, "Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again. Go home, drink your ale and be damned." The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernethy pursuing him down the street with shouts of "Go home, sir, and be damned."—St. James Gazette.

**He Benefited Humanity.**

There is an oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which might sound their name and praises. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted an obelisk on its base, carving its form in beautiful devices and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. He set it in the hot desert to cope with its gales. Ahmed, with deeper wisdom and truer though sadder heart, digged a well to cheer the sandy waste and planted about it tall date palms to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim and to shake down fruits for his hunger.—Jewish Messenger

The great Mohammedan school at Cairo, El Azhar, meaning "The Splendid," has clear records dating as far back as 975.

## OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For, though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger
And smiles for the some time guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## SAWING UP A LOG.

**How Planks Are Cut Into Shape In a Great Western Sawmill.**

W. S. Harwood contributes "The Story of a Pine Board" to St. Nicholas. After telling of the cutting down of the tree and its progress from the forest to the mill Mr. Harwood says:

Up from the yellowish brown depths of the slow moving river flowing so steadily on its way to the sea comes a huge, dark brown thing with a shining, dripping coat. It is our log, entering upon its last stage. It passes at once up a long incline called the "slit"—a trench of wood about eight inches deep and two feet wide at the top, so hollowed out that the largest log will lie in it securely as it is being drawn up the incline by the stout chains with which the slit is equipped. Projecting pieces of steel on this chain serve to keep the log steady, its great weight, causing it to sink upon these pieces of steel, which are like sharp teeth. A workman, standing at the side of the slit, by means of a lever throws up two powerful steel pointed arms, which lift the logs out of the slit and throw them upon tables, from which they are rolled down to the carriage which leads to the saws. When the log reaches the carriage, it is thrown upon the framework by the "nigger"—a long, ratcheted timber or piece of steel. This framework is like a section of an ordinary flat car running on a regular railroad track. Two men stand on the moving carriage and at a signal from the head sawyer, who directs the cutting of the log, regulate the thickness of the plank or board by the levers of the carriage.

When the log has been adjusted, it rapidly advances to the saw, and in a very few seconds its water soaked sides have been trimmed by the sharp teeth. The carriage flies back to the starting place with the swiftness of the wind, and it is enough to make one shudder to see it go. You expect every instant that one of the men will be thrown off and terribly injured. They learn to balance themselves, however, though there are frequent accidents. One instant of inattention on the part of the head sawyer, who regulates the speed of the carriage by his lever, would send the carriage flying back to the end of the mill with tremendous force and probably kill both of the men. One of the men on the carriage, called the "setter," fixes the width of the board to be sawed on signal from the head sawyer; the other man is the second sawyer.

As I stood one day in one of these mills, watching the men flying forth and back on the narrow carriage, and almost expecting that one or both of them would be thrown off in the swiftness of their flight, I took out my watch and timed them, and I found that they traveled on an average on this little railroad not more than 20 feet long, 168,000 feet a day, or about 31 miles.

**On Ships' Beds.**

The Arundel Castle is the finest boat I have seen in these seas. She is thoroughly modern, and that statement covers a great deal of ground. She has the usual defect, the common defect, the universal defect, the defect that has never been missing from any ship that ever sailed—she has imperfect beds. Many ships have good beds, but no ship has very good ones. In the matter of beds all ships have been badly edited, ignorantly edited, from the beginning. The selection of the beds is given to some hearty, strong backed, self made man, when it ought to be given to a frail woman accustomed from girlhood to backaches and insomnia. Nothing is so rare on either side of the ocean as a perfect bed; nothing is so difficult to make. Some of the hotels on both sides provide it, but no ship ever does or ever did. In Noah's ark the beds were simply scandalous. Noah set the fashion, and it will endure in one degree of modification or another until the next flood. —"Following the Equator," by Mark Twain, in McClure's.

**His Bluff.**

When the young man called to ask for the old man's daughter, the latter naturally thought it was necessary to put up a good bluff, that being the usual method of procedure. Consequently he looked solemn, coughed once or twice as a sort of preliminary, communed with himself a minute or two, coughed again and asked:

"Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"If I couldn't," returned the young man promptly, "I ought to be ashamed of myself."

The old man's bluff was called.—Chicago Post.

Smoking in Germany is not a pastime. It is an art, and an art that has grouped about it a respectable number of industries. Every smoker carries a cigar case, a cigar clipper, matchbox and usually a little leather box for the cigar tips. The tips are collected by a society organized for the purpose in each province and are sold to the manufacturer for the benefit of charitable institutions.

## A BACHELOR'S QUARTERS.

**Nothing Homelike About Them, According to the Married Man's Story.**

They hadn't met since the old college days, ten years before, and of course the benedict insisted that the bachelor shou'd come home to dinner with him.

"Married the year after I left college," he said, "and I have the nicest little home and the finest lot of youngsters that you ever saw. I want you to come out and see how nicely I'm fixed. I tell you a man doesn't know what life is until he's married."

"No?"

"Well, I should say not."

And so it happened that the bachelor went with the benedict and met the latter's wife and played with his children and made himself generally useful and popular until they were all seated at the dinner table.

It was over the coffee and cigars, after the benedict's wife had left the table, that the benedict finally suggested:

"Pretty comfortably fixed, ain't I, old man? Children, why don't you go into the other room?"

"Very nicely, indeed," answered the bachelor, replying to the first question and ignoring the second.

"Oh, there's nothing like home life," went on the benedict. "Willie, stop trying to climb on Mr. Brown's knee. He wants to smoke. Do you know, old man, I laugh when I think of my foolish idea that I knew in those old days what happiness was. Why, a man doesn't begin to live until— Maggie, put that nutpick back on the table. You'll jab it in your eye the first thing you know. Yes, sir. I actually have to laugh when I think of it. Our idea of contentment in those days was to get a pipe and a book and a bottle of Scotch and lock the door and lie down and— Would you mind moving your coffee cup a little farther back on the table, old man? Tommie's trying to reach it, and my wife would raise my scalp if I should let him break one of her very best cups. That's it. Thank you. As I was saying, we didn't know what ease and contentment was in those days. No single man does. A man has to have a big armchair and his slippers all ready for him and everything sort of restful and quiet before— Now, don't cry, Mabel. If you didn't want to get hurt, why did you grab the end of my cigar? Tommie, take her in to her mother. There, Willie, I told you you'd stick that nutpick into your hand if you didn't look out. Run into the other room and ask your mother to put a bandage on it. Let's see, where was I, old man? Oh, yes, I remember now. I was about to say that there's nothing homelike about a bachelor's quarters"—

"No," interrupted the bachelor, with considerable emphasis, "there isn't."

The benedict couldn't quite see the reason for such an emphatic assertion, but he wisely changed the subject, just the same.—Chicago Post.

**Feeding a Baby Elephant.**

In St. Nicholas F. Fits Roy Dixon tells of a baby elephant that was captured by friends of his in Ceylon, after the death of its mother. Mr. Dixon says:

When Sidney was first brought over, virtually in order that she might be fed, the question naturally arose as to how she would take her nourishment. Of course the proper way for an adult elephant to take in water is by means of the trunk, which is furnished with two tubes running its whole length. But when a bowl of milk was placed before the baby elephant she did not know what to do with it. She dipped the tip of her trunk into it, and the lookers on thought that there would be no difficulty about her drinking at all, since she recognized the scent of the nourishment she had been accustomed to. But she was quite at a loss and set up a roar which seemed quite natural under the circumstances. Then some one suggested pouring it down her throat from a bottle, and this was accordingly tried, and after one or two ineffectual attempts she understood.

She was half starved when this was done, for she had had nothing to eat since the death of her mother, and her delight at being fed was most amusing. The only trouble was that it was difficult to satisfy her, and it was feared that the change of diet would disagree with her, but fortunately it had no ill effect.

**Oranges.**

The very sweetest orange and richest is the black or rusty coated fruit. Pick out the dingiest oranges in the box, and you will get the best. Another way to choose oranges is by weight. The heaviest are the best, because they have the thinnest skin and more weight of juice. Thick skinned oranges are apt to be dry. They either weigh less because of having so much skin or because of the poverty of the juice in these particular specimens. A slight freezing on the tree causes this condition in otherwise fine fruit. The "kid glove" oranges are the two varieties of small fruit grown in Florida from stocks respectively brought from China and from Tangier. They are called mandarin and tangerine. They may be eaten without soiling a kid glove, because the skin is loose and the little "gores," or pockets of juice, come apart very cleanly and without breaking. All the above applies to Florida oranges. The Jamaica and Havana oranges are much paler yellow, and their juice is usually of more acid quality than the home grown oranges.

**The Rascal Won.**

"What's the price of these gloves?" she asked.

"A dollar and seventy-five cents," said the clerk; "but I'm afraid we haven't any small enough for you. We can order an extra small size, however."

"Oh, these will do. I'll take three pairs."—Chicago News.

**Two Useful Items.**

Half a lemon makes a very good substitute for a bar of toilet soap, and an orange, cut in half and rubbed on a sooty kettle, makes very good shoeblacking, which takes a fine polish.

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## A GOOD STORY.

**But the Author Would Be a Poor Man to Write History.**

"The most desperate personal act I witnessed during the war was performed by a Wisconsin cavalryman," said C. J. Hilton of Madison. "It was at Fleetwood Hill, and the man discounted the capture made at Ciudad Rodrigo by Charles O'Malley's man, Mickey Free. The Wisconsin man rode out between two great cavalry forces—Union and Confederate—and attacked a lieutenant and two men belonging to Jeb Stuart's force, and after a hand to hand saber fight, lasting fully ten minutes, captured the three and brought them in. It was the prettiest fight of the kind I ever saw, and the Wisconsin trooper was cheered by every man on our side who witnessed his act and by some of Stuart's riders. I don't know who the man was, but my recollection is that he belonged to the Second Wisconsin."

A man who wore the Loyal Legion button said he did not think the Second Wisconsin was in the fight with Stuart at Brandy Station and Fleetwood Hill. He asked for the story, however:

"I was a member of the Eighth New York," said Mr. Hilton, "and our regiment was part of the cavalry command sent under Pleasonton to look up Jeb Stuart just before Gettysburg. We found Stuart—yellow sash, black hat plumes, gold spurs and all that—at Brandy Station, and with him were all his riders. The fight was a hot one, and we came very near being beautifully whipped, although we claimed the victory on the ground that we learned what we wanted to know—where Stuart was and what Lee was about. Some of the heaviest fighting of the day was at a spot called Fleetwood Hill, and it was there that the Wisconsin trooper captured his three men.

"We had been at it hammer and tongs for two or three hours, when there came one of those let ups you all have seen—for all the world like two bulldogs looking for a fresh hold. While both sides were waiting for the order to advance a Confederate lieutenant and two men rode out from their tents, moving toward us as if searching for something on the field. Everybody on our side watched them and wondered what they were looking for. The two lines were fully two-thirds of a mile apart, and the three had got about a third of the way across toward us. Then over on the right of our line was a stir and commotion, and the excitement spread along until it reached us.

"The right of our line was concealed from us by a little grove of oak trees. A trooper in blue, mounted on a big bay that looked and carried himself like a thoroughbred, was riding out to meet those three men in gray. He sat on his horse like a riding school master. When within 100 yards of Stuart's three men he halted, saluted with his saber and dropped his carbine and revolver. The three men from the other side had been watching him, and, understanding the challenge, dropped their arms.

"Then came the fight. It was a saber contest, with three against one. That Wisconsin man disarmed that lieutenant in two passes, hamstrung the horse of another and put his blade through the shoulder of the third. He brought the three into our lines.

"What do you think of that?" he concluded.

"The story is all right," said one of the listeners, "but I don't think you would do to write history."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**The Profits of Monte Carlo.**

The merchant whose losses are the result of untoward and unforeseen changes in the market receives sympathy and help, but what bank or private friend will advance money to a gambler? The betting man who has staked his last shilling and lost it is pronounced a fool and has put himself beyond the reach of practical compassion. The sharper who has fleeced him has neither gratitude nor pity. He uses his victim as the butt of his ridicule. And the victim himself, who has risked his money on mere chance, or on baseless information, or on fraudulent representations, freely pronounces himself a fool, judging himself in the light of the issue. To fancy that we shall be exceptions and win where others have lost, that we shall be the solitary lucky ones among the thousands unlucky, is a folly to which we are all liable, but it is none the less a folly.

It is stated that the winnings of the table or bank at Monte Carlo last year amounted to £800,000—that is to say, this was the net sum lost by those who played. Yet each gambler who stakes his little pile fancies he will be the one to win. There are some thousands of bookmakers in our own country. Out of whose pockets do they pick so comfortable a living? Out of the pockets of their dupes, who so bountifully contribute to the maintenance of their worst enemies.—Good Words.

**The Word "Toast."**

The word "toast," used for describing the proposal of a health in an after dinner speech, dates back to mediæval times, when the loving cup was still regarded as an indispensable feature of every banquet. The cup would be filled to the brim with wine or mead, in the center of which would be floating a piece of toasted bread. After putting his lips thereto the host would pass the cup to the guest of honor seated on his right hand, and the latter would in turn pass it to his right hand neighbor. In this manner the cup would circulate around the table, each one present taking a sip, until finally the cup would come back to the host, who would drain what remained and swallow the piece of toast in honor of all the friends assembled at his table.

**Two Surprises.**

"It beats all how some people spend money."

"Yes, and it beats all how some people get money to spend."—Detroit Free Press.

**An Old Age.**

Moralists and philosophers have done their best, when they have themselves reached that time of life, to eulogize "old age," but they do not deceive even the young. ("These old gentlemen," says youth with its callow cynicism, "are foxes who have lost their tails.") They have done the same thing with poverty, and with the same ill success. It has had no exhilarating effect upon poor people. The reasons why old men have written in praise of old age are not far to seek; they say with Johnson, "Do not let us discourage one another." They are in for it, and they make the best of it. It is not well to cry stinking fish. Moreover, there is a natural tendency among well principled persons to make light of the ills of humanity. They fancy they are paying a compliment to Providence, and perhaps even conciliating it.

There are many old men who say, and quite truthfully, that they would not be young again if they could, but what they mean is not, of course, that they would not exchange weakness for strength and disillusion for hope, but that they have no desire to live their lives over again. The clinging to existence that we so often see in even very old men does not arise from love of it. Pope, sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller's deathbed and finding him much dispirited, told him he had been a good man and would doubtless go to heaven. "Ah, my good friend," was the deplorable but pathetic reply, "I wish God would let me stay at Whitton." It was not, however, the attractions of Whitton that he had in his mind.—James Payn in Nineteenth Century.

**Sick Fish.**

When a fish in an aquarium is ailing or injured, it is put into a reserve tank, out of sight of the visitors, and where it can be looked after at any time. The circulation of the tank is adjusted with great nicety to give the fish the greatest possible amount of water, and with the constant renewal of water the greatest possible amount of fresh air. A fresh water fish may be treated with salt water baths. The fish is fed on the food best suited to its condition or most likely to suit its fancy.

It may lie on the bottom of the tank motionless for hours, like a sick person in a bed. It may sometimes seem to be dead, but a closer inspection will show a feeble movement of the gill covers, which marks the fish's respiration. After all, the fish may die; oftener, under treatment, it recovers, and then it goes back to its place in the display tanks.—New York Sun.

**How They Looked to Her.**

I was visiting a friend's house with my little girl of 5 years. On being shown a photograph of English choir boys with their surplices on she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, look at all these gentlemen waiting to be shaved."—People's Friend.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children. The knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

An adult perspires 28 ounces in 24 hours.

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

**She Had a Natural Anxiety, Which She Made Manifest.**

As my horse, puffing like a porpoise, drew me and my buckboard up the last sharp acclivity of the mountain road that led out into the pass between the summits rising on either hand he would have exercised his privilege and stopped a moment to blow, but 100 yards ahead of us I saw a bright bit of calico gleaming in the morning sun, and, driving on, I came up to a buxom mountain maid sitting on a stump at a point where the footpath leading up from the valley met the main road.

"Good morning," she said before I had a chance to stop, and there seemed to be an anxious tone in the voice.

"Good morning," I responded, and I was on the point of asking her how far it was to the next place, a favorite manner of starting a conversation on mountain roads, when she broke in.

"Air you a preacher?" she asked.

"No," I answered, with a smile, for I had never been asked that question before.

"Nor a squire?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Martin's comin along this away purty soon now, an I was jis' astin for what wouldn't be no mistakes."

"I don't quite understand your explanation," I said, completely in the dark as to what she was trying to get at.

"I reckon not, but I ain't takin no chances, an I thought I'd better stop you while I had the chance."

"Thank you, I'm sure, but if you will tell me what's up I may be able to know what you are talking about."

She laughed good naturedly.

"Well, you see it's this a-way," she said. "Jim, he's been a-courtin sm a-sparkin round me fer about two yr's now, an last night he popped an says ez how if I'd be here this mornin ez he come along we'd go down to Loyville an git hitched, an Jim's mighty unwillable, an like's not ef we got thar an the preacher ner the squire warn't thar I'd never git Jim in the mind ag'in, an I kinder thought mebbe you might be the squire er the preacher an I didn't want you to git away. Ef you meet Jim anywheres down the road, don't tell him you seen me, for I don't want him skeert."—Washington Star.

## ABOUT THE WEATHER.

**Mr. Wrigley Explains to Georgie About the Seasons.**

"You see, Georgie," said Mr. Wrigley, whose youthful son had asked him how we came to have different kinds of weather, "the weather is put up in tin cans a day's weather to a can, and usually they put up about a year's supply ahead, enough to last through a spring, summer, autumn and winter. In filling the cans they sort it out as well as possible. Sometimes when they get a can full there may be a little left over, and whatever remains in the hopper they throw into one lot. When they've got pretty nearly all the cans full and the regular stock of weather on hand, they fill up from this lot of odds and ends. The cans so filled contain what is called variable weather, because it's mixed, but most of the weather they get pretty well sorted out according to the season.

"When they've got all the cans filled, they stack 'em up where they'll be handy to get at, and there's a man that does nothing but open them. Every day he cuts a can and pours out the weather for that day, and of course a great deal depends upon him. Sometimes this man gets careless and pulls down a lot of the wrong cans, getting them, say, from the April list in the month of April and likely as not getting down a week's supply at once, so as to have them handy on the opening table. Of course he discovers his mistake the first can he opens, but he is too lazy to put the rest back, and so he keeps on then until he has opened them all, and that's how it comes about, as it sometimes does, that we get a hot spell at a season when we ought to have nothing but cool weather.

"But of course those April cans are not lost. They must be around somewhere, and we get 'em later. Maybe the man will sprinkle them along with the hope that we won't notice them much, but as likely as not he opens them one after another together, maybe after some terribly hot spell in July or August, when they are sure to be a blessed relief, and if he does this we are pretty apt to forgive him his mistake in April."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Clever Man.**

It is said of a contributor to some of the comic papers of the day that his wit shines more brightly in his speech than in his "copy."

"What a clever man that Tompkins is," he said lately to an acquaintance, referring to a well dressed, ordinary looking man who had just passed him with a bow.

"Clever!" echoed the other. "Why, I never heard of his saying or doing anything!"

"That's just it," returned the writer gravely. "Think of his being able to do it without saying or doing anything. I couldn't."—Youth's Companion.

**Its Usefulness.**

Mrs. Newlywed—That is our new burglar alarm. You see, if a burglar should get into the lower part of the house, that would ring.

Her Mother—Oh, and scare him off!

Mrs. Newlywed (doubtfully)—Well, it might, but it would give Clarence and me plenty of time to hide in the safe anyway.—Pick Me Up.

Whistling is tabooed in the dressing rooms of a circus. That it is an ill omen is one of the superstitions of the circus people. Somebody is sure to be discharged if any one whistles, they say.

More than 11,000,000 yards of tweed are used annually for clothing the male population of London alone.

# Society Directory

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Vice-President, J. O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence st., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

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Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 235 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley ave.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
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Vice-President, John Slattery.
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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 491 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 846 West Twelfth st.

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Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3926 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
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Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
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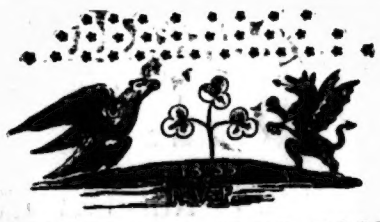

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Oct. 25, 1897.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1897

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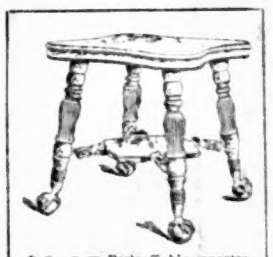

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**Statement**

At the Close of Business, December 15, 1897.

**Resources**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $9,804,541 27 | |
| Other Stocks and Bonds | 697,968.39 | $10,502,512.66 |
| United States Bonds to secure circulation | | 50,000 00 |
| Overdrafts | | 3,968 75 |
| Estate, | | |
| ires | | |
| om | | |
| urer | | |
| | | $17,797,757.37 |

**Liabilities**

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | $ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 400,000.00 |
| Undivided profits | 106,192.43 |
| Circulation | 45,000.00 |
| Deposits | 15,246,561 94 |
| | $17,797,757.37 |

A general Foreign Exchange business transacted. Travelers' Circular Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.

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GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, Cashier.
IRA P. BOWEN, Asst. Cashier.
ALVA V. SHOEMAKER, Asst. Cashier.

**Directors.**

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|---|---|---|
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| Henry Botsford. | William G. Hibbard. | James H. Dole. |
| George H. Wheeler. | J. Ogden Armour. | Isaac N. Perry. |



Report of the Condition of the....

## Chicago National Bank

At the Close of Business, Dec. 15, '97.

**RESOURCES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and Discounts | $4,364,734.84 |
| Overdrafts | 11,724.73 |
| U. S. Bonds for Circulation | 50,000.00 |
| Other Bonds on Hand | 1,718,361.56 |

**CASH ASSETS.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash on Hand | $2,240,127.72 | |
| Due from Banks | 2,114,370.24 | |
| Checks for Clearings | 277,124.95 | |
| Due from U. S. Treasurer | 17,250.00 | |
| | | 4,657,871.92 |
| Total | | $10,802,694.85 |

**LIABILITIES.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capital Stock paid in | | $ 500,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | | 500,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | | 128,127.49 |
| Dividends Unpaid | | 96.00 |
| Bank Notes Outstanding | | 45,000.00 |
| Individual Deposits | $8,163,587.68 | |
| Due Banks | 1,465,883.68 | |
| | | 9,629,471.36 |
| Total | | $10,802,694.85 |

**DIRECTORS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| C. K. G. BILLINGS | J. R. WALSH |
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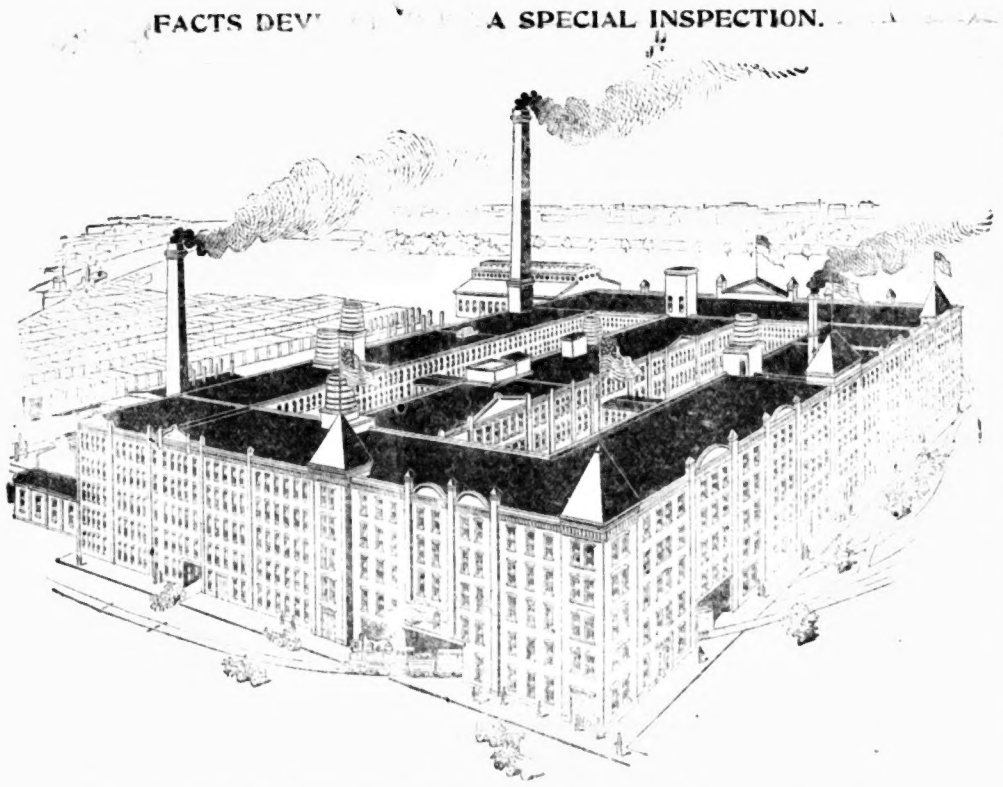
## W. W. KIMBALL CO.

FACTS DEV[illegible] A SPECIAL INSPECTION.



The Piano and Organ Factories of W. W. Kimball Co., Cor. 26th and Rockwell Sts., Chicago.

When touring this country recently representatives of the Pan-American congress were extended the hospitality of our city and, accompanied by prominent business men, visited the great manufacturing plants, the industrial, commercial and educational interests within our midst. These great industries were scarcely less a source of surprise and interest to our own citizens than to their distinguished guests, for the successful business man of today is necessarily so engrossed in his own affairs that he frequently fails to get beyond the particular line in which he is engaged. The average citizen, and especially one who does not come in daily touch with the great forces of our manufacturing interests, has but little conception of the vastness of these institutions. Take one industry alone—the manufacture of pianos and organs. The largest factories in the world are situated at the corner of Twenty-sixth and Rockwell streets in this city, and are owned and operated by the Kimball company.

According to authoritative statement, "today this great plant aggregates with its buildings and warerooms about fourteen acres of floor space. It is the most elaborate, the most comprehensive and the most formidable factory equipment operated in the manufacture of high-grade pianos and organs, and is conceded to be by far the largest establishment of its kind in the world."

This means that Chicago holds first rank in the manufacture of pianos and organs.

This record was established before the addition of a fifth factory building, recently con[illegible] ity. T[illegible] tra[illegible] pla[illegible] The the fac[illegible] bee[illegible] son[illegible] wes[illegible] try [illegible] hig[illegible] ket[illegible] Th[illegible] whi[illegible] nda[illegible] a t[illegible] and pos[illegible] und[illegible] atin[illegible] Th[illegible] aim[illegible] cla[illegible] cost[illegible] shar[illegible] mos[illegible] pate[illegible] fact[illegible] stru[illegible] are[illegible] the[illegible] cure[illegible] Th[illegible] by o[illegible] peric[illegible] al u[illegible] Mr[illegible] Wal[illegible]

[illegible] yet greater capac[illegible] nt includes private [illegible] which connect the [illegible]ly with every port. [illegible]evitable result of [illegible]ages in the manu[illegible]nos and organs has [illegible]rinciple of whole[illegible]n the east and the [illegible]engo in this indus[illegible]f period to a ref[illegible]f the central mar[illegible]

factory buildings, [illegible]structed in strict[illegible]te requirements of [illegible]nos, reed organs, [illegible] connected by [illegible] general equipment [illegible]nd one line of oper[illegible]

of co-operation in production of first-[illegible]e lowest possible [illegible]its the purchaser [illegible]manufacturer. The [illegible] covered by special [illegible] operated in these [illegible]nt parts of the in[illegible]uctions and keys, [illegible] factories, under [illegible]ntative experts se[illegible]l abroad. [illegible]its are recognized [illegible]s as having no su[illegible]rchased for person[illegible]

[illegible]ro in her castle in [illegible] brothers; by Mme. Nordica, who took one to her home in London and afterward bought several for relatives; by Mme. Eames in Paris, and by Mme. Minnie Hauk in her villa at Lucerne.

The pipe organ department has grown within a short time to be one of the most important branches in the Kimball industry. Many of these instruments are being placed in palatial residences, as well as in churches. A self-playing device which may be attached to any of these organs enables the unskilled to play them as well as the professional organist.

The Kimball reed organs are in use in every part of this country and are shipped to the four quarters of the globe. The self-playing device is also made for use in these instruments.

The Kimball factories are a Chicago industry, supported by Chicago capital, operated by Chicago labor, and are the means of putting large sums of money into circulation in the general city trade. During the long period of financial depression the W. W. Kimball factories remained in full operation, giving employment to heads of families, through whom, in turn, thousands were provided for.

To buy of such a firm the advantage is not alone to the purchaser in securing a high-grade instrument at a price usually asked for one of inferior make, but in encouraging home manufacture and in giving employment to Chicago labor.

The Kimball pianos, the Kimball reed organs and the Kimball pipe organs are displayed in great variety at the warerooms of W. W. Kimball Co., 243-253 Wabash avenue, south of Jackson street.



## National Bank of the ...Republic...

**Condition at Close of Business, December 15, 1897**

**RESOURCES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | $3,627,709.90 |
| Overdrafts | 1,175.51 |
| U. S. Bonds | 50,000.00 |
| Other Bonds | 18,252.62 |
| Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures | 47,844.20 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange | 2,469,388.08 |
| Total | $6,214,450.31 |

**LIABILITIES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock paid in | $1,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and profits (net) | 168,094.73 |
| Circulation | 45,000.00 |
| Deposits | 5,001,355.59 |
| Total | $6,214,450.31 |

**OFFICERS.**

JOHN A. LYNCH, Pres. A. M. ROTHSCHILD, Vice-Pres.
W. T. FENTON, 2nd Vice Pres. and Cashier
J. H. CAMERON, H. R. KENT,
Assistant Cashiers
R. M McKINNEY, Second Assistant Cashier

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| LOUIS F. SWIFT | JOHN A. LYNCH |
| H. S. DURAND | J. B. GREENHUT |
| FRANK O. LOWDEN | ALEX. MACKAY |
| HENRY SIEGEL | E. B. STRONG |
| A. M. ROTHSCHILD | W. T. FENTON |



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